

# GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS

JULY 1945



## C O N T E N T S

FREEDOM AND THE ARTIST, BY HORACE M. KALLEN. ¶ GIOVANNI BELLINI AND CORNARO'S GAZELLE, BY FERN RUSK SHAPLEY. ¶ A BUST OF ALEXANDRINE D'ETIOLLES BY SALLY, BY MICHEL N. BENISOVICH. ¶ J. L. BOUSSINGAULT, BY JACQUES DE LAPRADE. ¶ A MEMENTO OF A PAGEANT OF THE PAST, BY E. TIETZE-CONRAT. ¶ BIBLIOGRAPHY.

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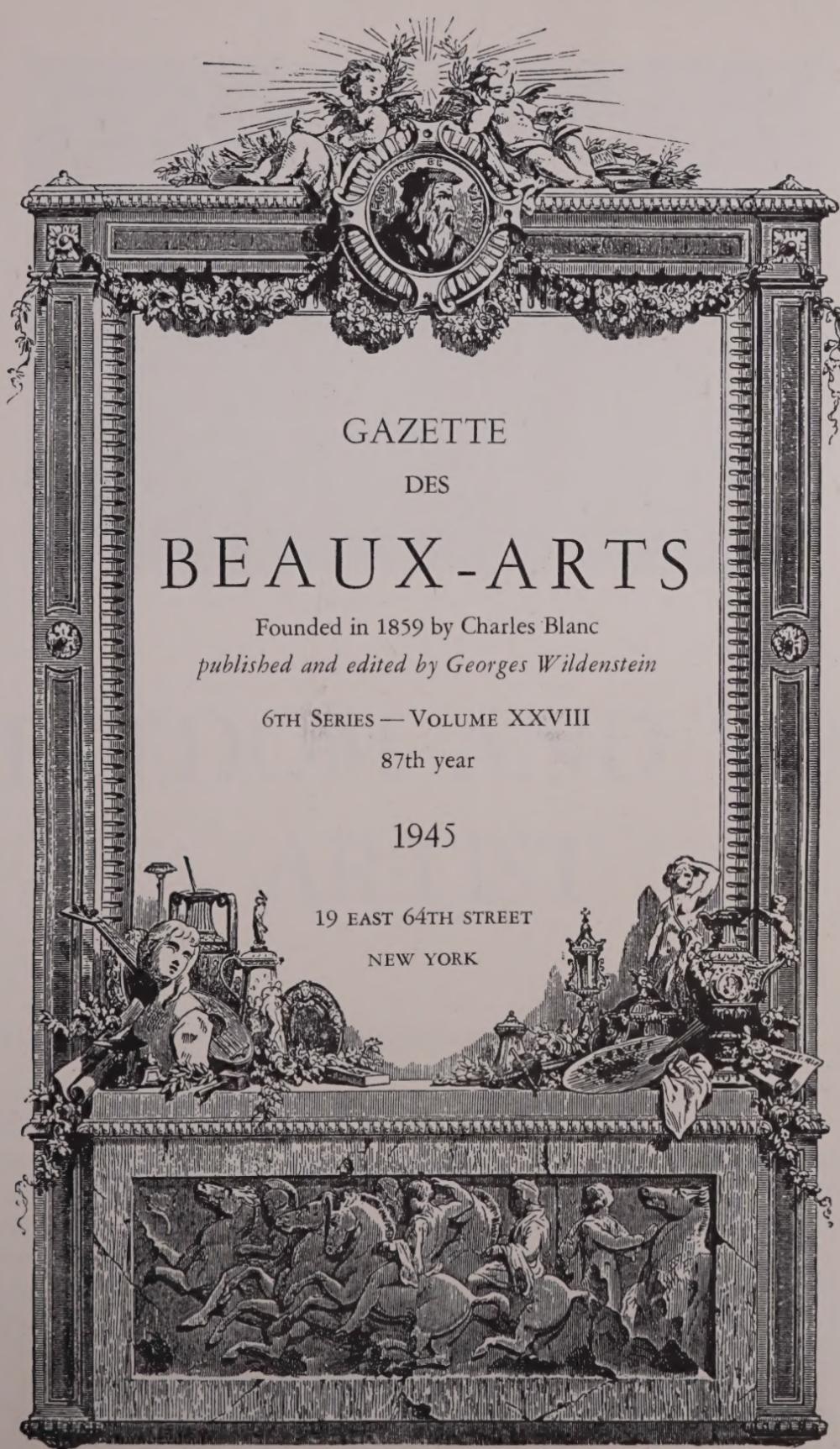
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VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHT

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H. DAUMIER, *Insurgent on the Barricade*. — Collection of Mr. Deems Taylor, New York.

# FREEDOM AND THE ARTIST

## I. THE EXPERIENCE OF FREEDOM

IN any language, the word Freedom has a multitude of meanings. These are, as often as not, mutually opposed and contradictory. They elude every endeavor to fuse them into a single, unvarying, self-consistent concept. Soon or late one is led to conclude that consistency and invariancy are the contraries of freedom; that they so work as first to arrest and then to kill off the act of choosing between alternatives, the spontaneous spring and flow of self-differentiation wherein freedom is known. Indeed, the paradoxes of freedom extend so far that even compulsions of outer power may be welcomed as releases from inner restraints. The young Nazi who boasted that his Führer set him free was not lying when, in reply to the question, "Free from what?" he said, "free from Freedom". The delib-



Prometheus breaking his chains.

erative tension of choosing, the fiat of decision and the sense of release, the feeling of responsibility for the choice, that compenetrates in the decision, appear to make up the core of every man's existence and constitute the initiation and ending of his struggle to live. At this core, he stands willy-nilly on his own feet naked, alone, projecting the chart of his own stark purpose into the unchartable future at his own stark risk, and taking the consequences with his own strength. Nature, it appears, provides relaxations of this state of our essential being of which the prototype is sleep and the finality death, and a man's spirit welcomes them as the dropping of a burden. But the inwardness of the burden is the man's life and his liberty.

Now, when he was an infant, his mother or his father took much of the weight of the load from him; and in remembrance, as a grown man he is apt to welcome the teacher or preacher or führer who promises to relieve him in the same way, announcing commandments that admit of no alternatives, that he can obey without thinking and act on without choosing. Such commandments unburden him of the tension of choice and decision. They bring the strain of living close to the effortless automatism of sleep. For the time being the man enjoys what William James describes as a moral holiday. Having no choices, he has no responsibilities and no struggles. He surrenders all those to his führer or his God and he feels free.

This is the liberty which the classical world most clearly understood and envisaged; it is the liberty of primitive societies, rationalized in form and perfected in idea as Plato rationalized and perfected it, as the Stoics and the church fathers interpreted it. Its substance is the feeling of relief that comes with relaxation of effort, the sense of ease and comfortable fluency of fitting into a preordained pattern of thought and action and doing willingly what must be done anyhow. It goes with the dissolution of some singularity of effort or resistance in oneself, into conformity with institutional requirements. To the outsider it looks like submission, obedience, self-enslavement. But to inner awareness it is an experience of self-liberation. "Thy will, not mine, be done", because doing my will is so terrible and exhausting an effort, is such a strain, such a misery to my being! Let God, then, suffer this freedom, let the Duce, let the Führer! *En la sua voluntade e nostra pace*, and I choose never again to choose; I choose always thereafter to submit my will to his. Thus, by freely choosing servitude, I free myself from the pang and the burden of free will, from the tragedy of choice! Like a free man voluntarily getting himself jailed, I give up freedom for security: I give up choice, variation and their risks, for the assurance of repetition and conformity.

Now free societies frown upon this kind of freedom. They hold it to be illusory, and the choice of it a momentary violation of one's own nature. In his essay *On Liberty*, John Stuart Mill points out that such a choice is a free act which puts an end to all subsequent free acts, and therefore can not be sanctioned by the laws. Institutional conformity can and often does facilitate personal freedom, as is attested by the difference in this respect between the unmarried and married women in mediterranean countries. In totalitarian societies, moreover, the conformity goes with the release of an indefinite variety of drives which a free man keeps in leash in a free society where he is responsible for himself to himself, as well as to his neighbors. As the Nazi record shows, this conformity enables him to lust, to kill, to spy, to betray, to boast, without risk and without responsibility. He is truly freed from freedom.

But if he no more needs to make choices, the strain of doing so falls the more heavily upon his masters, who must do the choosing for him. And an elemental aspect of the rule of the masters is the creation and employment of complex instruments of coercion of the very individuals who have sought freedom by surrendering their minds and hearts to the providence of the magisterial will. The record shows that the surrender is never once for all; that it must be itself continually renewed by a new act of choice; that variation from the *credere, obedire e combattere* of the fascist prescription keeps occurring spontaneously; that to shut out and cut off these variations, the masters need the devices of inquisition, index, excommunication and interdict, secret police, mutual suspicion and denunciation, and all the other instruments of economic, political and ecclesiastical coercion that history tells of.

Thus the reality of the spontaneities and variations and choices which totalitarianisms shut out, is affirmed and vindicated by the activities of that which shuts them out: Freedom, repressed in one direction expresses itself in another, and regularly outwits and wears away whatever would nullify it. This is why, in spite of all sophisticated discussions about rights, democratic societies are disposed to hold freedom to be, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, an "unalienable rights", equally unalienable in all men however different each may be from the others. Thomas Jefferson, indeed, had written *inherent* and unalienable, but the Congress had rejected the word *inherent*. *Inherent*, nevertheless, properly belongs with *unalienable*.

## 2. FREEDOM AND SOCIETY

These words, as Jefferson employed them, were intended to signify that liberty is a constitutive element of our being, that it belongs to human nature as the

angles and sides of a triangle belong to the triangle. It is from this meaning that our conception of the task and organization of free society and its institutions derives. The liberty, together with the life, the pursuit of happiness and the other unalienable rights of individuals are the starting points and the continuing goals of social organization. Associations of individuals such as the family, the state, the church, the school, the economic establishment or the scientific enterprise are but means and instruments "to secure these rights". The powers of government they rightly hold are acquired, secondary, alienable; not inherent, primary and unalienable. They derive from "the consent of the governed". Their sanction is their works and consequences, not their inward natures. They may—according to their effect for the equal, inherent and unalienable life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of different people—be sustained, developed, altered, reorganized or entirely withdrawn by those people, be they a man and a woman in a family, partners in a business, communicants in a church, citizens in a state, or associates in any other kind of organization.

Such is the ideal of free society implied by the Declaration of Independence. This is what the democracies of the world endeavor, each in its way, to realize by means of their constitutions and to give force and form to, in their different cultural disciplines. This is the ultimate intent of what has vaguely come to be known as "the Four Freedoms". It is to acknowledge, to believe in, and to fight for the right of a person to be the master of the powers of his own body and his own spirit, to be self-possessing and self-possessed; to count, in the company of other men, as one and never as less than one. It is to acknowledge, to believe in and to fight for the right of individuals to their individuality, their right *to be different* without penalty and without privilege, especially without penalty. It is, in sum, to insure to each man his independence of body and spirit.

In the history of liberty this ideal has been the drive of the constant warfare against slavery, against one person's being at the disposition of another by law; against the subjection of wives and sisters and daughters who so long had no rights that any father or husband or brother need respect; against property in human beings whether black or white; against second-class status or outlawry of men or women because their religions were different; against immobilizing the bodies of men by imposing on them an unchangeable status in society, the minds of men, by an unalterable belief in religion.

### 3. THE ECONOMY OF FREE THOUGHT

Logically and practically, the immobilization of body reduces to the immobilization of mind. Psychologically and historically, the Four Freedoms, wherein these fixations are rejected in 1945 as the Declaration rejected them in 1776, re-

duce to one. This one is freedom of thought, of inquiry; and this is worthless unless it goes with freedom of expression. Thought is impossible without expression; thought *is* expression; an unexpressed thought, like an unlaidd egg, comes to nothing. Given this freedom, then, other freedoms follow. For free thought is creative thought. It is thought of the artist, the thinker, the inventor, the entrepreneur, as they exercise their free initiative. It is thought which varies and multiplies, which spontaneously generates that economy of abundance in ideas which is the indispensable preliminary to abundance in things. Thus, during the so-called ages of faith, differences of belief were harshly penalized; thought was kept bound. Ideas were consequently scarce, and the economy of scarcity in ideas made an economy of scarcity in all the arts: industrial, intellectual and fine. It restricted production of tools, goods and services and penalized consumption. The effective initiation of free thought came as new and different ideas about the prosperous management of human relations to superhuman beings—gods, angels, devils, the souls of the dead—by means of the various ceremonials, rituals, relics, sacred texts and other instruments of negotiation with the supernatural. From this came the ways and works of the Humanists. That with which they enriched the domain of ideas set going an increasing abundance in the domain of things. When thought, acting freely, extended its field from the works of man to the processes of nature, it brought to birth the doctrines and disciplines of scientific method; and these, applied, led to the invention and perfection of new machines, to increased mastery over soil and sea, plant life and animal life. They transformed, as they still transform, ancient barrens of nature into modern natural resources, the dead residue of human fabrication into the raw material of new production. Everywhere they transvalue waste into wealth; everywhere they expand scarcity into abundance. Applied to the relations of men to men, they lead to the realization of the primacy of freedom and to the conception of the democratic way of life, with its affirmation that equal liberty is the natural right of the multitudes of different men; that it is not the limited, divinely-granted prerogative of a few similar by birth, rank, station and religion. Thus the western world has moved, and the remainder has followed after, from freedom of thought and expression toward freedom of worship and freedom from want and from fear.

Freedom of thought and expression is not only the seminal freedom, the initiation, the surge and spring to all the others, it is also their discipline and their test. Where it does not obtain, alternatives cannot come to attention; and if they do come to attention, cannot be criticized, tested or altered on their merits. Where it does not obtain, no ground can be rationally sought and established for choosing between incompatibles of beauty or use, be they forms or faiths, ends or means, for they cannot be brought together on equal terms and compared on equal terms, and only such comparisons lead to the knowledge which is power. Where it is pre-

vented, decision which idea to abandon and which to fight for is then a helpless gesture, a blow without force, a will without power. Freedom of thought and expression is, thus, the first and the last insurance of human individuality against the tyrannies and inertias of state, church, business enterprise, institution of learning, academy of art or any other vested interest of the cultural economy of mankind.

#### 4. THE CRITERIA OF FREEDOM

What, now, is this freedom in any one man's thought? What are its stigmata? How does he know he has it? How can he communicate his knowledge to others? I am not sure that it can be communicated at all by means of words. Freedom, more than any other experience, is what William James used to call "knowledge of acquaintance", that is, an immediate experience which cannot be transposed into the concepts of which words are primarily the incarnations. Words may converge towards the experience, point it like a pointer-dog, center on it, but neither express it nor communicate it. What they capture, if they capture anything, is the dead fowl, not the living bird. They do not catch it in the act of life.

Let the reader, if he will, make an experiment. Let him try to catch his own freedom in the act of reading. What is his situation? Obviously his will, his purpose, is set upon an object, his attention has a center, and his center presumably consists of the idea these pages of words purport to convey to him. It is one item in an indefinite, wider, deeper stream of his consciousness. In this stream there flow together and suffuse one another all sorts of impressions and expressions, actions and passions, stimulations and responses. From the world which surrounds his body there come to his eyes perceptions of his room and of all the objects it contains, their shapes, their colors, their relations to one another; there come to his ears the endless multiplicity and variety of sounds; to his nose come odors, scents, stench, fragrances, bouquets, smells and stinks; to his tongue and palate tastes, flavors, textures soft or sharp, stinging or smooth, harsh or gentle, from the entire world around him, but notably from people, from food, drink, tobacco, talcum; and if he smokes while he reads there come the poignant consolations of the smoker's fumes. The rest of his body reacts to the texture, the hardness and softness of the chair he sits on, the table he sits by, the variations of warmth and cold in the surrounding air. At the same time these outer events set going inner changes. They awaken associations. They arouse memories. They initiate shifts of his body's posture, alterations in the tempo of the circulation of his blood, his breathing, his differential organic tensions. And all these happenings together concur into a single stream in which each remains distinct but not separate from the others, in which each is inside the others as the tones

of a tune are inside each other. When the reader is aware of this compenetration and togetherness, when he is sensitive to each but exclusively conscious of none, his state is akin to reverie. His consciousness flows without direction and none of its waves feels more important than any other. An undirected stream, it is at the same time a matrix and spring of spontaneities. The multitudinous events it consists of diversify, separately and together. They compose into concords and discords, mutual facilitations and obstructions. When obstructions reach a certain intensity, a strength singular to the individuality of the reader, he passes from the state like reverie, into a



Oedipus and the Sphinx, by Ingres. — Louvre, Paris.

state of active thinking. His consciousness takes on direction. His mind assumes a gradient. One item, out of the multitudinous variety, becomes the new object of its attention. It minding that object is not, however, a simple, smooth activity; it is a complex strenuous struggle in the half-dark. It consists in concurrently heightening attention to the object, and in breaking through, shutting out, cutting off and leaving behind the unceasing solicitation of the alternatives and competitors whose impacts rain from all the senses and all the memories. If the effort is successful, a decision has occurred; the sense of labor, of strain and struggle and squeeze is followed by a feeling of effortless regard. The reader's mind takes in the pages of words as by an untrammelled movement on an open road; the idea he pursues becomes ever more clear and distinct, the pursuit ever more relaxed and powerful, powerful and delightful; even if the material is familiar, it feels

new; it brings repristination and surprise; unprecedented thoughts and images fill his ken—until alternatives crowd again, and the struggle is repeated at a more complex level with a diversified direction.

Perhaps the poor words I have just set down may lead the reader to perceive reading as the experience of freedom it sometimes can be, or to realize the freedom in some other activity of his own. In its naked dynamic this freedom seems regularly to be a choice between alternatives already given, or the evocation of new and unprecedented alternatives not to be anticipated or foretold. Sometimes both processes concur. Each—the one, the decision between options already given, the consenting to one, the dissenting from its competitor; the other, the bringing to birth of some diversification, singular, new and ungiven—is creative. The tension of it is an irreducible immediate experience and discourse about it falls into disputes and contradictions. Albert Einstein gave his own summary of it at a dinner in honor of Max Planck: "This daily striving", he said, "is dictated by no principle or program, but arises from immediate personal need. The emotional condition which renders possible such achievements is like that of the religious devotee or lover". . . . The impulse to grapple problems is like a "demoniac possession".

## 5. FREEDOM OF THE ARTIST AND OTHER FREEDOMS

Traditionally, the process just sketched is regarded as the singularity of genius, which as Jacques Louis David declared, "is the duty of the artist". But if the line is indicative, the process is "inherent and unalienable" in all men. In the artist however, it stands out; in the artist it is so conspicuous that it has come to be regarded as the signature of his vocation, the singularity of his being the kind of man he is; his duty, as David said. James Joyce gave the ineluctable urge to be free an ultimate expression. "I will not", he wrote at the end of his *Portrait of the Artist as a young man*, "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church; and I will try to express myself as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defense the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile and cunning.

"I do not fear to be alone or to be spurned for another, or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake, and perhaps as long as eternity, too".

And why this uttermost renunciation and risk and suppression? Because the Artist has chosen, against all that he rejects, "to discover a way of life or art where his spirit could express itself in unfettered freedom". In his immediate personal

impulsion he had come to a decision, not "moral" but deeper, more urgent than any "moral" prescription could be, to affirm the singularity of his vision, and to achieve its utterance regardless of what it might cost him. All artists, I think, each in his kind and degree, make such decisions, decisions which demonstrate freedom. And it is this freedom of the artist that is also the aboriginal freedom of the psyche of man which homes and fatherlands and churches and all the institutional and vested interests of civilization fear more than any other. It is because in the artist this freedom is more potent, less checked and overlaid than in other men that institutional authority is always attacking the artist.

We ask, then, *why*? What is there in the artist, considered as the vessel of freedom, to make him more dangerous for established interests than the scientist or inventor or religious prophet? Each is in his own characteristic way a vessel of freedom, and the establishments wherein their singularity lives and moves and has its being, owe their existence to an act of freedom, a variation from something older, an initiation of something altogether new. This is the establishment's dynamic at birth; its centre of power while it grows up; its enshrined idol when it has grown old. This is the ancient mystery on which it bases its claims to authority. Thus, in religion it comes as revelation, challenging all existing beliefs, winning its way among them not by privilege but on merit. In the course of time the prophet to whom the revelation has been directly revealed dies. To his successors it is no longer the direct original word of God. It is not something that they themselves hear, but something which they are told, and believe, that another man has heard; a deposit of faith, no longer the revelation but the tradition of the generations; and they claim authority for it by virtue of an authorship far away and long ago. In science, again, the new insight, the fresh explanation, the unpredictable law, comes to the scientist as his images come to the artist, and in his discipline acts as the initiation of a new ordering of his observations and instruments, the ground of a new system with new devices and methods. The same thing holds for the inventor. The moment when he decides upon his unprecedented variation, upon a machine or a method, is the moment of freedom, of originality, initiation, innovation. The trials and tests, the elaborations and development which then follow are analogous to reorganization in the sciences, to tradition in religion. They are derivative and consequential, not primary. The primary event is the deciding perception, the initiating act of freedom. In this respect, then, artist, prophet, scientist and inventor are brothers under the skin. All are equally artists.

Here, however, the resemblance stops. The productions of saints or prophets, of men of science, of inventors, to be authentic, are subject to external checks and conformations. Scientists, and to a lesser degree inventors, are more finders than makers, more discoverers than creators. Artists are entirely creators. A great as-

tronomer like Ptolemy, a great chemist like Willard Gibbs, a great mathematician like Albert Einstein is truly a man of genius; artistic originality cannot be denied him. But what he achieves does not depend primarily on what he is in himself, on his authentic essence. His ideas are intended to account for a world independent of himself, at which he looks and upon which he reflects. This world was there before he was and will remain when he no longer is. The material of which he treats is an ever-present material which, as best he can, he manipulates, breaking it up into little bits (this is called analysis) and putting the bits together in divers ways (this is called synthesis), all the time striving, searching, seeking, not something which is not there and never was there, but something which he believes was always there and will always be there; something which, should he fail to find it, another surely will. Let us suppose that the Nazis had done the worst they can in their assault upon the human race. Suppose that they had destroyed all the libraries and museums and laboratories of the entire world; suppose that they had extirpated the collective memory of mankind. Suppose that they had wiped out the entire record of man's insights into nature, of his power over nature. Suppose that they had also reduced to dust and ashes the free personal expressions of the human spirit in music, letters and the graphic and plastic arts. Nevertheless, the subject matter of the sciences, which is the indestructible stuff of the natural world, would still be there, as available as it ever was: and physics, chemistry, astronomy and the other sciences could still be recreated. Free thought, reacting to the natural scene, could not fail sooner or later, to elicit whatever the past has discerned and formulated about scene, and much more beside. But what could it recover of the music and poetry and drama and painting and sculpture and architecture that had been destroyed? These are wholly the works of man, creatures of his singularity, not echoes or images of a nature other than himself. Once lost, with all remembrance gone, what chance is there that they may be restored?

Or, for that matter, that the lost and forgotten images and vessels and instruments and literature of the churches be recovered? For religion, too, lacks the outward base of the sciences. Not only its ikons and idols, its vestments and symbols and rituals, but also the speculations of its dogmatic theologians, their ideas of the supernatural and their rationalizing elaborations of those ideas, live closer to the arts than to the sciences. Once lost, a cultus is irrecoverable. Its springs are in the impulsion of men, not in the necessary connexions of nature, and how it expresses those impulsions is a contingency of fortune, not a determination of law. In each and every cultus the differential is arbitrary, original and singular, truly a revelation of grace, which once forgotten is lost and never likely to be repeated. Because of this character of their faiths, it has been the consistent practice of churches to guard their deposits of faith by demanding both exclusive authority over the education which carries memory of the past from one generation to another, and power

to shut out and cut off every variation, every novelty which might oppose a new authenticity to the old authority. Thus, once a divinity has been revealed and his cultus established, his devotees become the enemies of all other originality and authorship. Liberty is reduced simply to *libertas obedientiae*. While the bounds to the freedom of the scientist and the inventor is the process of nature, the check upon the freedom of the religionist is the arrest of process by the vested interests of human nature.

Neither of these circumstances so operate on the artist. They surround, but neither bound nor check his freedom. They may occasion or sustain or oppose his creativity, but they do not cause it. A maker, but neither a finder nor discoverer nor repeater, the artist stands as unique, the cause of that which he makes. His work cannot be unless he himself has been. His relationship to it has the inevitability of a mother's to the child she bears. And his work is somehow his fiat as a child cannot be. For illustration, consider the works of Leonardo, that *uomo universale* who was at one and the same time a mathematician, a scientist and inventor and an artist. The many notebooks he has left have long been objects of precise and loving scrutiny. They reveal him an anatomist who dissected at least thirty corpses, a physiologist who studied and drew embryos at various stages of development, who made the first accurate drawings of the interior organs. He is said to have anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. The notebooks reveal him also as a city planner, a civil and sanitary engineer, an architect who constructed relief maps of Italy and laid out an astronomical observatory, a student of the heavens who opposed astrology; of the earth who decried alchemy. He devised and planned cranes, borers, armored tanks, spinning machines, flying machines. Much of his finding in the field of science and invention had been banned. But all of it sooner or later was repeated by other men of science and invention, and done better, and advanced farther. His paintings, on the other hand, remain unique. Their authenticity is personal to him, is irrecoverable and not to be reproduced by another. His *Trattato della pittura* contains everything and communicates everything but the quality which makes Leonardo's work Leonardo's. Had the Nazis destroyed *Mona Lisa* or *The Last Supper*, they would have been lost forever. They could not be repeated. For each, like a living child, is the unique effect of a unique cause. The child is born once and never again. And so also are the creations of the artist. There is a sense in which each such creation is an original act, a direct perception, a decision whose authority is in itself and in nothing else beside; in a word, a liberty taken and an idea made free. Leonardo was fully aware of the indefeasible authenticity of such perceptions and decisions, and he was sceptical of ecclesiasticism, of its dogmas about nature and the supernatural, and of its techniques for manipulating the supernatural. "Whoever", he wrote, "in discussion adduces authority, uses not his intellect but memory". In a world not too hospitable

to free thought, he found ways to vindicate this liberty of the artist: "When besieged by ambitious tyrants, I find a means of defense wherewith to preserve the chief gift of nature, which is liberty." The means, basically, was to exercise the creative imagination of the artist; to preserve liberty, that is, by keeping it alive and active at the source; by functioning as the unique cause of his singular effects.

And is not the same thing true of all artists, whatever their arts? Could the compositions of Bach or Mozart or Beethoven or Debussy or Gershwin have existed if their authors had not existed? Once the works do come into existence virtuosos and amateurs can perform them again and again; critics can talk about them; a theory and practice of music, a musicology or science of music which has them for their subject-matter can follow. But without them, repetition and discourse are as fantastic as a biography of an unborn man, which would be knowledge about nobody at all. If, however, the biography did not pretend to a subject-matter, but came simply as a free act of an artist's imagination, it would give knowledge of acquaintance, it would become itself the subject matter for the critic, the scientist and the student. It would be an authentic work of art, and its values would start in itself and return to itself. It would become one more inhabitant of the world of the arts, which those that enter must encounter and respond to, and therefore learn.

## 6. TECHNIQUE, TRADITION AND FREEDOM

Now all such works as Leonardo's *Trattato* or Schönberg's studies of harmony, or any of the records, that endeavor to communicate the *How*, the *What* and the *Why* of the arts, are supposed to function as aids to learning. They operate as the middlemen between the past and the future, the facilitators of tradition, the enablers of knowledge and skill. Not so long ago writers on art set this knowledge and skill over against originality, and opposed inspiration—which is free and not to be controlled—to art—which is workmanship and therefore all control. Today, writers on art recognize that workmanship and control are also fields for inspiration, and that in contemporary painting, for example, the momentous choices concern the *what* far less than the *how*; the art is all in the artistry. The originality, the authentic innovation of the artists consist, however, in the way they vary from the past, not in the way they repeat it. But how can they be sure not to repeat the past if they do not know the past? If the past of their art is not alive in them as the past of their growing bodies is alive in their bodies and being taken up into the future?

The past of his art is the artist's peculiar social and institutional inheritance. It is given in his tools, materials and mediums, in the creations of past masters and the precepts of present teachers. It is that which colleges and art schools and music

schools are able to communicate and therefore that which authority requires the artist shall repeat. State, school, business establishment, church, particularly church, say to the artist: "Be ye perfect even as your fathers before you were perfect. Say today what they said yesterday. Say it in the same way. Or if you must vary, we permit you, within reason, a certain liberty in *how* you say it, but never in *what* you say". This attitude of authority has had its influence upon the artist's emphasis upon *technique* as against *theme*. Thus the drama of salvation and its agonists are an invariant subject-matter of Christian art. In its pictorial utterance it alters from the hieroglyphlike statement of the Byzantines to the human amplitudes of Leonardo, to the distortions of El Greco. The eye of churchly authority sees the *what* of each painter as the same dictate that it had been from the days of St. Basil. The secular eye, however, sees the being and meaning of that *what* as suffused and transformed by the *hows*; Leonardo, El Greco, the Byzantines do *not* say the same thing. Theme, material and media serve as occasions and vehicles for the painter's freedom, and the better he knows them, the greater the liberties he can take with them.

And so it is in all the arts. Their practitioners may employ or reject the deliverances of the past, but only on the penalty of merely repeating them may they ignore them. Those deliverances are at once the field and discipline of inspiration, the channel by which choices and new forms come to expression, the flesh that incarnates the idea which the imagination creates. Without this deliverance originality is but blind freedom, undirected spontaneity such as that of Epicurus' atoms, or of the waves of the stream of consciousness. The ancestral skills and knowledges of which the deliverance is the carry-over and compenetration provide originality with its point of departure. Had Stephen Collins Foster not been as aware as he was of Mozart and Beethoven and Rossini and Schubert and Donizetti, he could not have been as American as he is. Benny Goodman is a clarinetist no less compelling than the crooner Frank Sinatra. The youth of the nation are his devotees. He is one of the guys that gives and gives and evokes from all the tribes of Bobby-sock and Hep-cat a correspondingly greater outpouring so that they cut the rug to beat the band. The other day the distinguished virtuoso lectured to the Juilliard School of Music. He told the students: "every one needs a solid classical basis before they can embark on jazz". And to illustrate the dictum he made hearts swing by improvising freely on Brahms.

There is a modern delusion, cultivated by the lazy and the arty, that originality is the prerogative of ignorance. Nothing could be farther from the facts of record. Ignorance is the enemy of originality. Knowledge is the field of freedom, of choice, decision, new expression. The larger the field, the richer the chances of originality, whether it comes to utterance by way of selections and rejections, combinations and mutations, or spontaneous variations. Knowledge is the mind's econ-

omy of abundance. Inspiration receives its occasion and opportunity, freedom its enhancement, according to the number and variety and patterns of the data amid which it occurs. It is this fact which renders museums, orchestras, schools, galleries important to the freedom of the artist when he desires to cultivate his liberty, and dangerous when authority seeks to police and imprison it. It is this fact which brings folk art naturally near to the spontaneities of great artists. It is why sects and cults and schools which aim only to cultivate a particular and exclusive expression and cut off and shut out alternatives usually turn out to be so barren. Inspiration springs more readily from knowledge than from ignorance; knowledge is the food and drink of originality in the arts as well as in the sciences.

But in the arts, the individual expression, the singularity of the artist's utterance, is autonomous, self-referent, an absolute in the only sense that the word can have practical bearing. The artist's images and ideas are truly firsts, truly new beginnings, that are born into a world not made for them, in which their survival is the issue of a struggle wherein victory is not guaranteed in advance. As they first take shape in his fantasy, their very being is a tentative, a hint indefinitely articulate, a line here, a phrase there, a cadence elsewhere, given body in notation after notation, sketch after sketch, and worked out first as a drawing, a painting, a blueprint, a score, or a poem or a talk. For that matter this holds of scientific ideas and inventions, too. They also begin as free acts of the imagination. Should they never reach verification by experiment and by incarnation in things and tools and human relations, they, too, would be countable as works of art. All such works generate outer consequences. Their autonomy is truly creative; they are in fact what the philosopher means by *idées forces*. They have the power to turn the minds and hearts of men in new directions, toward new interests, new forms, new meanings; sometimes they transvalue the manners and morals of a generation.

## 7. ETHOS AND THE FREEDOM OF ART

Poets and philosophers have always been aware of the consequential power of the artist's initiative, and some have glorified it, and claimed for the artist a commensurate privilege, while others have feared and denounced it, and have undertaken either to tame his originality and harness it up, or have outlawed him from society altogether. This initiative is what Plato called inspiration as opposed to art. As manifest through the poet, Plato held it to be an anarchic and disruptive agency which blasphemed the gods and corrupted youth. He banished it from his ideal society. An early XIX Century echo of his, the poet Thomas Love Peacock, described the poetry of his time as resolvable into "the rant of unregulated passion, the whining of exaggerated feeling, and the cant of factitious sentiment";

the poet was "a semi-barbarian in a civilized community." Per contra, his friend and patron, the poet Shelley, who wrote a *Defense* against Peacock's attack, declared the poet, and in him, every artist in his kind and degree, to be the vehicle of a mighty power "of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature," a power artists might fight even while they serve it. "Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadow which futurity cases upon the present; . . . The influence which is moved not but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." A generation after Shelley's *Defense* was published, Walt Whitman described "the divine literatus" as succeeding the priest; "standing apart from all else . . . sole and untouchable by any canons of authority or any rules derived from precedent, state-safety, the acts of legislatures or even from what is called religion, modesty or art";

causing with his new ideas and new expressions "changes, growth, removal greater than the longest and bloodiest wars or the most stupendous merely dynastic or commercial overturn". And may it not be said that poets such as Voltaire or Rousseau, painters such as Jacques Louis David, musicians such as Beethoven or Debussy or Wagner, to name only random instances, did in fact turn thoughts in new directions, toward new images and conceptions, and gave new shapes to things? It is not merely that artists make visible the invisible, bring absent objects to present preception; that like Kipling, Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, Edgar Poe, they make images of a future which events turn into true prophecies. It is also that artists forfigure the shape of things to come because the figures which their imagination shapes so work as to cause them to come.



The apostle Jean Journet on his way to conquer universal harmony, lithograph by G. COURBET

The impact of the artist's innovation on society, then, is that of a challenging and transforming power. It springs from his freedom and throughout the ages testifies to this freedom. Not the least significant of its operations is the fact that it tends to keep the artist a free man in general society and serves to make societies of artists free societies; the fact that poet and painter and sculptor and musician, patronized as they may be, come throughout recorded history to move in the circles of the kings and nobles and emperors their betters, as the equals of those betters. Alike in the palace, the salon, the coffee house or the club, the invidious distinctions which shut men of other occupations out, fall away where the artist is concerned. And in their own associations artists come together not on the basis rank or station or faith or color or wealth, but on the basis of personal competency and common interest. As Benny Goodman recently said, when asked how it happened that he had both negro and white musicians in his band: "I'm trying to play good music first of all. I'm not trying to solve any problems. No musician is any good to me unless he's a good musician. You work with a man because he's a good man—that's all. Honestly I'm not a do-gooder. I'm just a musician".

What this one of the truly creative artists of our generation has said expresses the ethos authentic to art. It is the ethos of freedom, which uncompromisingly detaches the integrity of the author, his sovereignty over his creation, from the institutions of the civilization amid which he lives, moves and struggles to maintain his being as a free man. In the economy of his community he is only a small businessman, an independent entrepreneur who, at his own risk, produces as he inwardly must, and markets his productions as he outwardly can. His calling, hence, is subject to all the pressures and solicitations that the forces which define the market—church, state, school, business enterprise, political party, and other vested interests of society—can bring to bear upon it. Their end and their purpose is that the artist shall abandon his proper ethos and conform to theirs. Conservative and liberal alike would rather have him speak *for* them than *to* them. They feel his independence as a danger and a challenge. Ultimately they fear his freedom and would prostitute or destroy it. So they undertake to belittle and condemn it. There was conservative Plato, who considered the painter to be as inferior to the carpenter as the carpenter is to God; to whom Homer, that "master and leader of tragedy" was the fabricator of imitations of imitations, a corrupter of youth who stirs but their passions and makes them sympathetic to evil. There was Diderot, in many respects Plato's opposite, who saw art as only the vehicle of civil and social philosophy. Plato and Diderot are representative spokesmen of the prevailing view of the arts: that they should either be as servants and voices of the state or should not be at all.

Often, the ethos of the artist and the ethos of the community flow together and

are one. Then the artist does in fact express the civil and social intent. But this at-oneness is neither identity nor subjection, it is spontaneous participation and voluntary agreement; the artist remains as independent as he was before. The hopes and fears of the community, its work and play, its rejections and affirmations, its spirit, its ruling passion, may be that pattern among multitudinous alternatives of an artist's environment which spontaneously touches off his imagination, so that he brings it to utterance in symbols and figures that his sect or his people or his age find right and take up to be the vehicle of their spirit, the torch which their runners hand on, generation to generation. Their schools, their public buildings, their museums, then conserve, repeat and transmit them; they figure in the ceremonials and sacraments of the common life; they are displayed, invoked or quoted in celebrations of triumph and in times of danger, until they have lost their relevancy and new symbols displace them. Thus the Greeks used Homer and the other poets; thus the Judeo-Christian cultists used the psalmists and the prophets, and so on.

Sometimes no new symbols are created, but old symbols are revived, modified and put to new uses, as was the case during the generation before the French Revolution. From that generation the humanities, which had gone dead in the schools, received new life by being employed as the vehicles and symbols of the idea of liberty; the works of Livy, Sallust, Plutarch and Tacitus were made the carriers of the ethos of the French democrats. The heroes and martyrs of republican Rome became the painters' and sculptors' symbols of Frenchmen's self-dedication to liberty. The ethos of David's *Oath of the Horatii*, for example, was not contained in the images it presented but in the ideals they represented. This observation receives an ironical reenforcement from the fact that not so very long ago, "*L' Action Française*" advocated a revival of Latin studies for Vichy French youth as a means of recovering the Roman disposition toward hierarchy and privilege.

Sometimes an artist's expression of his community's feeling or spirit remains more personal to him than vocal of his community. Vision of the latter's crisis and need, it achieves a momentary harmony with its awareness, or perhaps none at all. Such seems to have been the case with the harsh, disturbing panels in which Thomas Benton responded, shortly after Pearl Harbor, to the Japanazi horrors. The ethos of Irving Berlin's song, *My British Buddy*, had a longer duration. It was first sung in London in November 1943, a lyric interpolated in the book of *This is the Army*. It was sung at a time when the irritations, the tensions and strains following the location of millions of American soldiers among the English, had reached a certain climax. The resulting sentiment alike among the English and among the Americans, was confused but explosive. Of this sentiment Berlin's "lyric" became at once the symbol, the expression and the katharsis.

I arrived in London  
Just the other day  
Speaking to a soldier  
From the U.S.A.  
He told me of the Army life he led  
And speaking of the British boys,  
he said :  
We're as different as can be.  
He thinks he's winning the war  
And I think it's me.  
But we're in there pitching  
And on one thing we agree :

When the job is done  
And the war is won  
We'll be clasping hands across the sea.  
My British buddy  
We're as different as can be.  
I like my coffee and rolls  
And he likes his tea.  
But we're in there pitching  
Till we get to Germany.  
When we've licked the Hun  
And the Japs are done  
We'll be clasping hands across the sea.

These verses may not be the best of poetry, but their social revelance was instant, spontaneous and complete. They crystallized an emotion, purged and relieved it. For a while everybody in England was singing them.

Now what an artist responds to and how he responds is not in the power of society. Ethos happens; it can be neither bought nor commanded. As the barren records of so many official painters and sculptors and poets laureate demonstrate, the best an institution can do is provide conditions favorable to its happening. To continue with modern instances, this is what General Somervell, head of the service of supply of the American War Department, had tried to do. As director of the Works Progress Administration of New York during the great depression, he had learned that while artists must live if they are to practice their art, that which they produce and how they produce it is not to be conformed to the conditions of their earning a living. He saw the value, for the morale of the armed forces and the ethos of the nation at war, of a pictorial record of the life of battle on sea and land. With the War Department's Advisory Committee on Art to counsel him, he arranged to send painters and others to the various theatres of war. Owing to Representative Starnes of Alabama, the hundred thousand dollars allocated to this undertaking was cut from the war budget. That General Somervell's social wisdom was not entirely nullified is due to a commercial firm which for its own purposes, of course, as well as for the sake of the national morale and the national culture, took over the project. The navy has been able to do what Congress refused the Army. If the productions which are the fruit of both appear so far not to have caught the public imagination, they do communicate the authentic expressions of the personal decisions of different American artists regarding the quality, the character and the meaning of that which they have been asked to tell about; they do present the signature of the each painter's singularity. Should the public to which their works are addressed take one of them to heart, see it as the figure of its own

vision and hear it as the voice of its own passion; should the people orchestrate this creation to the older symbols of their common spirit, they will have given it the ethos it is naturally without. Always ethos accrues to a work of art when the singularity it expresses is spontaneously transfigured into a symbol of common meanings and emotions. The work's conformity then is a free happening, not a required fitting, and its ethos becomes a significance likely to last.

## 8. CENSORSHIP, OR THE ETHOS OF PROCRUSTES

That this identification of private expression with public meanings which we call ethos must be spontaneous and uncoerced is just as true for authoritarian as for free societies. The endeavor to impose identity, to make conformation coercive is, however, institutional and seems as inveterate as art itself. We call it censorship. It consists in procrustean prescriptions of what shall be expression and what shall not be expression, and often of how it shall be expressed and how it shall not be expressed. It is dictatorship over the content and methods of the arts, and it is effective dictatorship in the degree that the censors have power to control the media of communication. The inquisitors of an earlier age undertook to control also thinking itself and the Japanese of today have the unique distinction of punishing men and women for thinking without uttering "dangerous thoughts". The metaphysical grounding and moral justification of censorship go back, of course, to Plato who, presuming that it is possible to attain certain and infallible knowledge of the nature of the best state and of the best man, argued that poetry—and by implication, all the arts—must conform to these perfections and communicate only them, and that therefore it was the duty of authority to police the arts. What in Plato was philosophical speculation became in the hierarchs of the Roman Catholic establishment, theological dogma; the certain and infallible knowledge which to Plato was only possible became to them actual as Revelation, the deposit of faith entrusted by God into their keeping. The canon law actually prescribes the policing of the arts which the Platonic dialogues such as the *Republic* and the *Laws* only justify. Since, in the clerical eye, art is to the church as the humanity of Jesus is to his divinity, it is the duty of the clergy to see that artists conform to the laws of the church. One of these requires bishops to safeguard traditional forms. Another forbids the approval of images contrary to custom. A third requires that robes, furniture and other articles of churchly use must conform to liturgical description, ecclesiastical tradition and the law of religious art. In 1932, when the new Pinakothek was dedicated at the Vatican, the Pope then ruling, Pius XI, took occasion to define the Church's stand on whatever differs from the authorized requirements. The effect was to cut off and shut out the different. Art

being a means of salvation, nothing that might distract the faithful from this goal could be permitted—the primitive, the grotesque, the caricature-like are ruled out. So also is the modern mode in architecture. Art in the church must keep to the venerable tradition and develop it. Its artists must adhere to *formae a traditione receptae*. Their freedom, in sum, can be only *libertas obedientiae*.

Churchmen themselves have deplored the consequences of ecclesiastical prescription to art in the church. Not only, as Father Couturier regrets, have they caused the church to retreat from living art into one hundred years of mediocrity; they have cost it such great Catholic-born artists as Picasso, and have caused the abandonment of the very great body of free religious painting—the canvases of Georges Rouault are an instance—to a purely secular status. The traditional ecclesiastical Platonism, moreover, has been repeated and intensified by the new racist or etatist or proletarian Platonism of the Nazis and the Communists. What canon law forbids as modern and what Nazi statute condemns as *Kulturbolschewismus* and communist *ukase* denounces as bourgeois decadence, are the same thing. All presume that ethos can be made to measure by the command of authority, instead of being created in freedom.

In democratic societies censorship is environed by a great variety of checks and balances which may make it less direct, but not less arbitrary or less powerful. In the United States one of the most ominous concentrations of such arbitrary power is in the hands of the Postmaster General and through him of such influences as he is sensitive to. Recent instances of its use are the strange Post-office tergiversation with the magazine *Esquire* and the surrealist journal *View*. The influence of pressure groups, ecclesiastical and other, on the post-office and other police agencies of government is notorious, and ranges from organized aggression against speeches, books and plays, to organized aggression against music. The composer Igor Stravinsky was a recent victim of one such aggression. He had performed at the Boston Symphony a brilliant arrangement he had himself composed of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. There is a Massachusetts statute which penalizes any tampering with this anthem, no matter how better it may be made, with imprisonment and fines. Stravinsky, being a famous composer, was only warned not to do it again.

#### 9. THE FREEDOM OF THE ARTIST DEPENDS ON FREE COMMUNICATION

Now the power of censorship is inevitably power over communication. The anxious Jews of Amsterdam who excommunicated Spinoza first tried to silence the great philosopher with a bribe. They were quite willing that he should think what he chose as freely as he would; they could only not risk that he should say

what he thought for others to hear. Ideas become powers only as they are communicated, not as they are expressed. No force on earth, not even the late Nazi and the Japanese, can prevent men from thinking as they will. Every idea, every image, begins as soliloquy and passes over into communication. The intent of censorship is to prevent soliloquy from becoming communication. Consequently in relation to his community, the artist is impotent unless his freedom of expression is supported by and prolonged into freedom of communication. Free trade in ideas is as indispensable to free art as free art is to cultural abundance. And these can neither be nor grow without free enterprise in communication. Here again, the safety lies in numbers. The greater the number and variety of independent newspapers, magazines, theatres, motion picture producers, radio chains, art museums, orchestras, schools and colleges, the more likely it is that, paraphrasing Mr. Justice Holmes, the artist can enrich the culture of his people by putting the power of his expression to the test of the competition of the markets. The economy of the market has, however, become inimical to competition. Industrial society adds to the censorship of church and state the censorship of monopolists of instruments of communication. A certain cartelization of communication is in process. The growth of great newspaper and magazine chains, the great radio networks, the motion picture trusts, and the like, works unfriendly-wise toward free communication. That which is communicated through these instruments is solely that which those who rule them choose to have communicated. If no artist has already expressed it, they command its expression from the stables of writers and painters and musicians whom they are able to keep on hire to serve them; and if the productions of their servants do not fit their purposes, they revise the work until it does; or, having paid for it and owning it, let it die unseen, unheard. The consequence is always a threat and ever more frequently a complete check to free communication with the result of first an inhibition and then an atrophy of artistic creation.

#### 10. FREE ART AND FREE SOCIETY ARE INTERDEPENDENT

The creative spirit and the free trade in ideas are interdependent. The first without the second creates works without substance, repetitive, barren and trivial like those of the mediaeval schools and the isolated island peoples of the South Seas. The second without the first comes to a quick end, for people do not trade in the same ideas, forms and goods and services, but in different ones. Novelty, variety, difference is the *sine qua non* of trade and the ground of abundance, whether spiritual or material, and freedom is the *fons et origo* of novelty, variety and difference. If these are held by authoritarians to be a threat to the security of their monopolies, whether of things or thoughts, they are by the same token the safeguards of the freedom of free societies. Their symbol and concretion is, for

the reasons we have reviewed, the freedom of the artist. The ethos of democracy needs a free art to express and to channel it, and free art needs the guarantees and protections of free society. President Roosevelt had said it, in his address at the opening of the Museum of Modern Art in New York: "The arts cannot thrive except where men are free to be themselves and to be in charge of the discipline of their own energies and ardors. The conditions for democracy and for art are one and the same. What we call liberty in politics results in freedom in the arts. . . . As in our democracy we enjoy the right to believe in different religious creeds or in none, so can American artists express themselves with complete freedom from the strictures of dead artistic tradition or political ideology. While American artists have discovered a new obligation to the society in which they live, they have no compulsion to be limited in method or manner of expression".

Of course, this is an overoptimistic statement, a declaration of principle and policy rather than a summary of the record. Especially doubtful, in view of that record, is the proposition "that what we call liberty in politics results in freedom in the arts." If freedom is that which we have here taken it to be, and if its career in the struggle for its existence is at all evidential, the truth is rather the converse: the civil liberties of men are initiated in the creative freedom of the artist. The latter is prior because it is primal; it is not freedom in the arts which results from democracy, but democracy which results from freedom in the arts. Those who remember the making of the Second French Republic remember a notable instance of this sequence. But it is true that once democratic society is established, the relationship becomes reciprocal; free art inspiring free society and free society safeguarding the liberty of art. Art can stay free however only in the degree that society affords the artist the security of a living as well as the liberty of a life; only as it keeps communication accessible and free. To withhold these is to suppress the liberty of art, and to suppress the liberty of art is like Herod's slaughter of the innocents—an attempt to kill off the alteration of the ideas, ideals and ways and works of men at the source. The liberty of the artist is the avatar of all the liberties of man. It subdues all discipline. It diversifies all doctrine. It never returns the same save as it brings the different. In the history of our culture, where the artists keep free, no other sort or condition of man long remains bond.

H. M. KALLEN.



FIG. 1. — Giovanni Bellini. — Orpheus. — Widener Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

# GIOVANNI BELLINI AND CORNARO'S GAZELLE

ON the 29th of May, 1520, Duke Alfonso I d'Este wrote from Ferrara to his agent Tebaldi in Venice: "Messer Jacomo. See Titian immediately and tell him that I wish him to paint for me as soon as possible, from life and as if it were really breathing, an animal called a gazelle, which is in the possession of His Excellency Joanni Cornaro. Have him paint it on whole canvas, giving it his best attention, and then send it to me immediately, notifying me of the cost".

1. Quoted by GIUSEPPE CAMPORI, *Titiano e gli Estensi*, in "Nuova Antologia", 1874, Vol. 27, p. 590:

"Messer Jacomo. Procurate di parlar subito a Titiano, e ditegli per parte mia, che quanto più tosto può ci ritragga dal naturale et come è proprio vivo uno animale chiamato gazella, che è in casa del magnifico Joanni Cornaro, et lo ritragga in tela tutta integra, usandoli bona diligentia, et poi ce lo mandi subito avisandoci del costo. E ricordatevi di mandarci quelli vasi da speciaria che a di passati si fecero fare a posta per noi, 29 maij 1520."

Without delay Tebaldi wrote the duke that he had gone with Titian to the Cornaro residence to see the gazelle but there they were informed that it had died, and when Tebaldi expressed the wish that they might see the pelt, they were told that the animal had been thrown into a canal. However, Messer Girolamo



FIG. 2. — Giovanni Bellini: — Orpheus. — Widener Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. (Detail, see Fig. 1).

Cornaro, not being able to exhibit the gazelle alive, showed it to them portrayed by Giovanni Bellini in small proportions along with other things in a picture which hung in his home. Having seen this, Titian gladly offered to make a life-size copy of the animal if he were commissioned to do so.<sup>2</sup>

Whether the duke decided to have Titian make the copy we do not know. No further details of the episode have come to light. But we do have plenty of evidence of Alfonso's lively curiosity about exotic animals and other novelties, and we know too that the Cornaros were importers of such things as would appeal to him. Their trade with the Orient had prospered since the XIV Century, and now they exercised a powerful in-

2. Unfortunately CAMPORI does not quote Tebaldi's letter to the duke but only reports it (*ibid.*), as follows: "Senza perdita di tempo scrisse il Tebaldi al Duca essere andato in compagnia di Tiziano alla casa dei Cornaro per vedere quella Gazzella; ma colà gli fu detto che era morta, e avendo il Tebaldi mostrato desiderio che gliene fosse mostrata la pelle, gli fu risposto che la bestia era stata gettata in un canale. Però M. Girolamo Cornaro non potendo fargli vedere la Gazzella viva, gliela fece vedere ritratta in piccola proporzione con altre cose dalla mano di Giovan Bellini in un quadro che si teneva in casa. Alla veduta del quale Tiziano si offrì di buon grado a ridurla in forma del naturale, quando ne ricevesse l'ordine. Altri particolari di questo episodio ci mancano."

fluence in the whole Mediterranean area; a member of their family even ruled for a time as Queen of Cyprus, before retiring to the sophisticated court which served as the setting for Pietro Bembo's *Gli Asolani*. No doubt the Cornaro ships were the first to bring many an oddity to Italy, and, as far as we can judge from the art of the period, the Cornaro gazelle may have been the only representative of its genus in the country.

So when we find three views of a gazelle in the background of the *Orpheus* ascribed to Bellini in the National Gallery of Art (Widener Collection, No. 598) (Figs. 1 and 2),<sup>3</sup> we may reasonably hazard the supposition that this is the Cornaro picture mentioned by Tebaldi. It fits his brief description perfectly. In it the gazelle is portrayed "in small proportions along with other things". The subject evidently baffled Tebaldi as it does the modern critic. Usually the seated youth playing the viola is called Orpheus, the woman with a wand is called Circe, and Luna and Pan have been suggested as names for the two figures nearer the foreground. But if Tebaldi was uncertain about the subject, he was at least definite about the authorship of the picture which he saw, a matter of considerable significance in view of the possible identity of that picture with the one in the National Gallery. Not all critics have approved the attribution of the latter to Bellini.<sup>4</sup>

The connection of the *Orpheus* with the Tebaldi correspondence points also to the latest possible dating in Bellini's career. Duke Alfonso had evidently just heard of the gazelle in 1520; it is not likely that the Cornaros acquired it long before 1516, the year of Bellini's death. This agrees with other evidence in favor of dating the *Orpheus* in the same period as *The Feast of the Gods*, National Gallery of Art (Widener Collection, No. 597) dated 1514 (Fig. 3).

Presumably the Giovanni and Girolamo Cornaro who figure in the story of the gazelle were the sons of Giorgio Cornaro and nephews of the Queen of Cyprus. Perhaps this Giovanni is also the one who received his doctor's degree in medicine from Frankfort and made a Latin translation of Artemidoros' *Interpretation of Dreams*. Such a scholar may well have furnished Bellini with the obscure subject of the little picture. The paternal home of this branch of the Cornaro (or Corner) family was on the site of the present Palazzo Corner della Ca' Grande. Giorgio Cornaro paid twenty-two thousand gold ducats for the house and then spent large sums embellishing it.<sup>5</sup>

3. Dr. Herbert Friedmann and Dr. Raymond Gilmore, of the Smithsonian Institution, assure me that though the markings on the three figures in question are not sufficiently distinct to permit a certain identification of the species of gazelle represented, there can be no doubt that at least the animal bounding into the composition in the left background and the one reclining near the right (probably also the one standing at the extreme right) are gazelles, and most likely of the North-African variety (*Dorcas*, or *Gazella Africana*).

4. VAN MARLE followed DUSSLER in considering the picture a studio work; G. M. RICHTER believed it to be by Giorgione.

5. G. FONTANA, *Cento palazzi di Venezia*, 1934, p. 377. Giorgio Cornaro also was a patron of the Bellinis (see: RIDOLFI, *Le Maraviglie dell' arte*, ed. von Hadeln, 1914, p. 72; VASARI, *Le Vite*, 1568, I, p. 430).

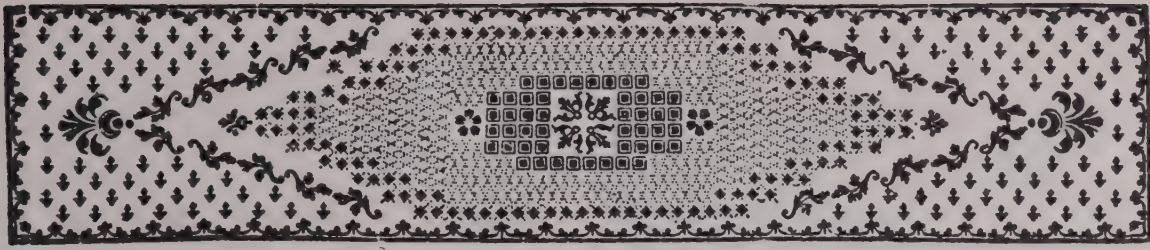


FIG. 3. — GIOVANNI BELLINI. — The feast of the Gods. — Widener Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Beyond the one possible glimpse of Bellini's *Orpheus* in this magnificent palace we have no early information about it, unless it be the picture described in Richard Symonds' notebook (1652) as having been in the collection of King Charles I of England: "Of the King's at one Harrison's ye Kng's Embroyderer neare the Thames at Arthur S. neare Somset house, Dec. 1652. Orpheus & a Woman & a Paes [landscape], naked figures. Bellini's manner".<sup>6</sup> There is no record of how it came into the collection of Hugo Bordini, Paris, from whom it was acquired some twenty years ago for the Widener Collection.

FERN RUSK SHAPLEY.

6. Quoted by C. H. COLLINS BAKER, *Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters*, 1912, Vol. II, p. 183. O. KURTZ (*Holbein and Others in a Seventeenth Century Collection*, in "The Burlington Magazine", Nov., 1943, Vol. lxxxiii, p. 279ff.) connects the National Gallery's *Orpheus* with SYMONDS' description.



A BUST OF  
*ALEXANDRINE D'ETIOLLES*  
BY SALY

**I**T WAS on the occasion of the presentation of the Widener Collection at the National Gallery in Washington that we thought it would be opportune to study the bronze bust of *A young girl* by Saly (Figs. 3 and 9), which belongs to that collection.<sup>1</sup> After having been considered for a long while as representing Alexandrine d'Etiolles, the daughter of Madame de Pompadour,

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1. N°A122 of the Catalogue. From the Collection of Baron Roger de Sivry, Paris.



FIG. 1.—Gobelins tapestry on the back of an arm chair.—Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California.

this bust is now in danger of again becoming anonymous after having been rescued from obscurity some eighty years ago. It seems to us that it would be most regrettable if this charming child should have to be identified, henceforth, under the title of the *Boudeuse* of Washington. (The name "*Boudeuse*" is the one under which the cast in the Louvre was known for generations by the Museum's Sunday visitors). From the viewpoint of historical science, it would be a step backward should the model by Saly lose its identity and fall into the ranks of such problematical works as the *Chercheuse d'esprit* of Attiret, or *La belle inconnue* in the Museum of Nevers.

Born in Valenciennes in 1717, Jacques-François Saly was a pupil of Bouchardon. As soon as he entered the Academy he worked for a small group of quite discerning amateurs of art, such as Madame Geoffrin, M. de Valory, the Duke of Beauvillier, and especially for Madame de Pompadour. It was this great favorite who recommended him to Ogier, French Ambassador at the court of the King of Denmark. Called to Copenhagen by Frederick V, Saly left France, taking with him in his bags examples of his art. He was the first sculptor in France to have titles of nobility conferred on him (in 1768).

At the Paris Salon of 1750, Saly exhibited a remarkable bust of a young girl. This bust is not mentioned in the list of works by Saly, which was prepared by him for the Provost and Jurors of the city of Valenciennes for the period between 1748-1753: "Works that I was obliged to undertake in order to supply my own domestic needs and to assist my family which had



FIG. 2.—J. GUAY.—Alexandrine d'Etiolles, intaglio.—Cabinet des Médailles, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.



FIG. 3. — JACQUES SALY. — Bust of Alexandrine d'Etiolles, bronze. — Widener Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

exhausted itself trying to provide me with necessary help".<sup>2</sup>

We find a listing of this bust in another source. Leturcq has devoted a monograph to the life and works of Guay, who had taught the art of the intaglio to the Pompadour.<sup>3</sup> In that monograph Leturcq expressed the opinion that the bust, which appeared at the Salon of 1750, must have been the portrait of Alexandrine d'Etiolles, daughter of Madame de Pompadour.

The future favorite was born in 1721. According to her official birth-record

her father was François Poisson. But actually her father was a great personality of that time—Lenormand de Tournehem. It is the latter who eventually arranged the marriage of the future Madame de Pompadour with his own nephew, Charles Guillaume de Tournehem. From this marriage was born Alexandrine-Jeanne Lenormand d'Etiolles, who was christened on August 10, 1744. In the following year her parents were separated.

The young girl grew up in the Convent of the Assumption, in Paris, and the air was full of the most fabulous projects of marriage for the young child, but she died on July 15, 1754, at the age of ten years. As was to be expected, the Parisians blamed the Jesuites, who were the pronounced enemies of the favorite, for this death.<sup>4</sup> The grave of the child was in the Convent of the Capucines, on the northern side of the Place Vendôme in Paris, where the body of her



FIG. 4. — JACQUES SALY. — Bust of Alexandrine d'Etiolles, marble. — Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

mother was to join her in 1764.

The iconographical data on this young person of quality are exceptionally long and heavy considering the shortness of her life. P. de Nolhac has made considerable use in his studies of the inventory prepared after the death of Madame de Pompadour, which was preserved in the archives of a Paris no-

2. Documents published by M. Jouin, biographer of Saly, in: "Gazette des Beaux-Arts", 1895.

3. *Notice sur Jacques Guay, graveur sur pierres fines du Roi Louis XV, documents inédits émanant de Guay*, Paris, 1873.

4. ED. AND J. DE GONCOURT, *Madame de Pompadour*, Paris, 1881.

tary.<sup>5</sup> Just before the war J. Cor-day published this inventory for the Society of the bibliophiles of France.<sup>6</sup>

We find there the following regarding the portraits of the young Alexandrine shown either alone or with her mother:

"1252. Concerning the portrait of Mademoiselle Alexandrine, daughter of the defunct Dame de Pompadour, painted in pastel by François Boucher, it was not valued here, and was mentioned only for recording".

"1258. Madame de Pompadour and Mademoiselle Alexandrine, her daughter. Miniature by Baudoin".

"Transparent white agate on which is engraved the tomb of Mademoiselle Alexandrine and a figure representing Sorrow, by Guay (Fig. 12)".<sup>7</sup>

"2722. Snuffbox. Tortoise shell snuffbox with enameled

5. Two contemporaneous copies of this document are preserved at the Library of Art and Archaeology of the University of Paris and in the collection of the Hon. Robert Woods Bliss, in the United States.

6. *L'inventaire des biens de Madame de Pompadour rédigé après son décès*, Paris, 1939.

7. The intaglio (fig. 3) is to be found today in the Cabinet des Médailles, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, see: ERNEST BABELON, *Histoire de la gravure sur gemmes en France depuis les origines jusqu'à l'époque contemporaine*, Paris, 1902: "N° 44. Alexandrine Lenormand d'Etiolles; tête d'enfant, de profil, coiffée d'un bonnet. Intaglio cornaline montée en bague, donnée par Madame de Pompadour au duc de Chabot, offerte au Cabinet des Médailles par la Marquise de Contades en 1891".



FIG. 5. — JACQUES SALY. — Bust of Alexandrine d'Etiolles, marble. — David Weill Collection, Neuilly-sur-Seine.



FIG. 6. — Study for the portrait of the Marquise de Pompadour by F. Guérin, pencil drawing retouched with white and pink,  $9\frac{1}{2}'' \times 7\frac{1}{2}''$ . — E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento, California.  
Courtesy of Mr. Frederick P. Vickery.

portrait of Mademoiselle Alexandrine by Rouquet . . . to Madame du Roure . . . Livres 1700".

In addition to the pastel by Boucher listed as N° 1252 of the inventory, which has entered the collection of H. Deutsch de la Meurthe (Fig. 8), we know of one signed picture by François Guérin where Alexandrine is represented with her mother. In this picture of the collection of Baron Edmond de Rothschild (Fig. 7) Alexandrine is beautifully attired in blue silk. She is seated on a red velvet footstool, and holds a cage from which she releases a bird. A small dog, the famous Mimy, completes this little scene. We recently discovered in the Crocker Gallery, Sacramento, Cal., a preparatory drawing for this portrait (Fig. 6).

C. Stryenski who has written an article on the painting in the collection of Edmond de Rothschild<sup>8</sup> does not mention that, at the Beurnonville sale in Paris, in 1881, there was to be found under number 13 a sketch painted in grisaille by F. Boucher — canvas, H. 25 cms x 20 cms —; the description of that grisaille corresponds perfectly to the picture by Guérin. So it is quite possible that the painter Guérin could have used a study previously made by his illustrious colleague.

In the legacy left by Madame de Pompadour there is very little sculpture. "The woman who had ordered so many works from painters and decorators seems to have left to the King exclusive protection of the sculptures", said P. de Nolhac.<sup>9</sup> "Exclusive" is too strong. Saly had certainly worked quite often for the divine marquise.

8. The article appeared in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts", October 1902.

9. In an article on *Madame de Pompadour and the arts* in: "Art", 1902.

"M. Saly has made a most successful bust of the King; he is now working on one of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour", wrote the painter J. B. Massé to his Danish correspondent Wasserschlebe, from Paris on June 22, 1752.<sup>10</sup> We know that the departure of Saly for Copenhagen was delayed by the work he was engaged on for the Marquise.

It is the brother of the Marquise, François-Abel Poisson, Marquis de Marigny, who later became Marquis de Menars, who was heir to her legacy. Some objects of his collections, not very numerous, appeared after his death at different sales. The catalogue made by the expert Basan in 1782, mentions some examples with transparent discretion. The Marquise is just referred to as "a beautiful woman" ("No. 282. François Boucher. The portrait of a beautiful woman").

It is in the catalogue of the sale of the Marquis de Marigny collection that Leturcq, writing his *Notices* on Guay in 1873, tried to find the first trace of the bust of Alexandrine d'Etiolles under the Number 245: "Head of a young girl, bronze, by Saly" without indicating the name of the model.

P. Jouin, the biographer of Saly,<sup>11</sup> agrees with Leturcq in seeing in that bust a portrait of Alexandrine d'Etiolles, but in the absence of any document stating that

10. Letter published by MARIO KROHN, *Frankrigs og Danmark Kunstneriske Forbindelse i det XVIII. Aarhundrede*, Copenhagen 1922.

11. "Gazette des Beaux-Arts", 1895, and *Jacques Saly*, Mâcon 1896.



FIG. 7. — FRANÇOIS GUÉRIN. — The Marquise de Pompadour with her daughter Alexandrine, heliogravure by J. Chauvet. — Collection of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, Paris.



FIG. 8. — F. BOUCHER. — Alexandrine Lenormand d'Etiolles, pastel. — Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe Collection, Paris.

braided and uplifted, marble, signed Saly; francs 1480".<sup>14</sup>

In 1886 on August 13-14, the same bust reappears at a sale, paired with a bust of a young girl by Pigalle (both sold for francs 4800).<sup>15</sup>

"This marble", says Leturcq, "may be the original of the bust which Mme. de Pompadour had ordered to be cast in bronze to offer to the future Marquis de Menars".

In 1904, on the occasion of the acquisition by the Nye Carlsberg Glyp-

Saly had executed a bust of the daughter of the Pompadour he had to be very brief: "To the above list should be added", says he,<sup>12</sup> "the bust of Alexandrine d'Etiolles".

He is much more precise in regard to the marble bust of a young woman executed in Rome by Saly and intended as a gift to De Troy, a bust which, however, entered the collection of a rich traveler, Thiroux d'Espe-  
ciennes.<sup>13</sup>

It is in 1872, in a posthumous sale in Paris (F.L.) at the Hotel Drouot, on December 4-7, that there appears a bust in question: "Young girl with her hair



FIG. 9. — JACQUES SALY. — Bust of Alexandrine d'Etiolles, bronze. — Widener Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. (Side view, see Fig. 4.)

12. In: "Gazette des Beaux-Arts", June 1895, p. 507.

13. Information drawn from the *Abecedario* of MARIETTE, Paris 1858.

14. See: "Chronique des Arts et de la Curiosité", 1872, p. 420.

15. *Ibid.*, 1886, p. 225.

totek of a terra-cotta bust of a girl by Saly (formerly in the collection of Raymond de Broutelles in Paris), M. Emil Hanover wrote in the Danish magazine "Kunst": "That he [Saly] portrayed Madame de Pompadour's little daughter in a bust is regarded as a fact by his last biographer Jouin. There exists, or still existed in 1886, in a French private collection, a bronze bust of a child with the signature of Saly, and the history of this bust can be traced back to the Marquis de Menars".<sup>16</sup>

The mention of the bronze bust may well refer to the bust in the Widener Collection, now at the National Gallery. The author made an error in speaking of a bronze bust when referring to the pub-



FIG. 10. — F. BOUCHER. — Painting and Sculpture, decorative panel. — Frick Collection, New York. (Detail, lower section.)



FIG. 11. — F. BOUCHER. — Painting and Sculpture, decorative panel. — Frick Collection, New York. (Detail, upper section, see Fig. 10.)

lic sale of 1886 in which figured, as we have seen above, a bust in marble.

Mario Krohn, in his capital study on the Franco Danish artistic relations in the XVIII Century,<sup>17</sup> says: "the supposition of there being here a portrait of Alexandrine is affirmed by the following fact: the bust appears on the wall decoration painted by François Boucher, ordered by Madame de Pompadour for her castle of Crecy".

According to P. de Nolhac, Boucher

16. See: *A guide to the department of modern Western art*, Ny Carlsberg Glyptotek, Copenhagen 1936, where the bust is described as "formerly incorrectly regarded as a portrait of Alexandrine d'Étiolles". Mr. Haavard Røstrup, Curator, was less positive in this regard and expressed some doubts as to the anonymity of the bust, see his: *Franske Portrætbuster fra XVIII Aarhundrede*, 1932, p. 56.

17. *Frankrigs og Danmarks Kunstneriske Forbindelse i det XVIII Aarhundrede*, Copenhagen 1922, vol. II.

may have painted this decoration after 1754<sup>18</sup> for the castle of Crecy en Beauce, which the favorite wished to be even more sumptuous than the Bellevue Castle. "One may believe that the painter has there, more than anywhere else, followed her fancy, which probably accounts for this unique ensemble".<sup>19</sup> This decoration, after having belonged to the Ed. Kahn collection, entered the Frick Collection in New York (Figs. 10 and 11).

The bust appears in yet another decorative series, that of the five overdoors and two medallions painted for the Palace of Amalienborg. This is not surprising since Saly was at that time working in Denmark. The bust is represented in the panel *Allegory of Sculpture (grande et belle omelette d'enfants)* signed and dated by Boucher in 1756 (Fig. 12).

In this panel two little artists are working: the sculptor is cutting the marble. And there again is our bust by Saly — there can be no doubt about it — delicate image of a life which has just been extinguished. "Hardly ever has Boucher given more ground for posterity to guess that his brush was inspired by the charming and superficial taste of a woman", says P. de Nolhac.

It may be interesting to note that the bust by Saly was engraved as a part of a series of plates intended for use by students in design.<sup>20</sup> The sheet of this publication on which there is represented a young child, in sanguine, bears no identification other than the names of the designer and of the engraver: *Ph. L. Parizeau del.—Roubillac, sc.*

Roubillac, or Robillac, was born, according to Basan and Nagler, in Bayonne in 1739. In collaboration with a Swiss artist, Carle, he published in Paris (at Mondhare and Jean) a selection of flowers in sanguine which is not mentioned in the dictionaries and of which a copy has appeared in a book sale at Parke-Bernet in New York on April 5, 1943. The caption of the engraving (*Roubillac sc.*) brought about the error, in a recent sale in New York (that of the Conde Nast Collection), of attributing to the English sculptor of the same name — Roubillac — a plaster cast of the bust of Alexandrine which was accompanied in the sale catalogue by an engraving of the same bust.

The bust by Saly did not always have the luck of appearing under the name of Saly — the artist who created it. It had been previously attributed by some art dealers as well as by museums to Houdon, and had been thus made approximately twenty years younger than it really is.

The bust seems to suffer the same unfortunate adventures even in our own time.

18. Alexandrine d'Etiolles died in 1754.

19. P. DE NOLHAC, *François Boucher, peintre du Roi*, Paris 1907.

20. *Principes de dessin en 28 feuilles en manière de crayon (sept cahiers)*, à Paris, (s.d.), chez Chereau, rue des Mathurins.

In 1935 an exhibition of French art of the XVIII Century was organized in Copenhagen by the National Museums of France and of Denmark. A retrospective collection of the works of Jacques-François Saly was included in that exhibit.

The official French catalogue prepared for that exhibition mentions the bust of Alexandrine as follows:

"Unknown girl. Terracotta bust. Height: 0.48 cms. Executed before 1754 (that is to say in France before 1754). He made two other terracotta copies of



FIG. 12. — F. BOUCHER. — The Allegory of Sculpture, decorative panel. — Palace of Christian VII, Amalienborg, Denmark.

the same bust: (1) Louvre, (2) Victoria and Albert Museum.<sup>21</sup> A marble one and one in bronze belong to private collections in France. Another bronze one belongs to the Altes Museum in Berlin.<sup>22</sup> Formerly, collection R. de Broutelles. Acquired in 1902."

In the last catalogue of sculptures of the Louvre Museum, published in 1922, the terracotta cast belonging to the Louvre is not listed. In 1927, when publishing in the "*Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire de l'Art Français*" an article on *Saly in Denmark*, the late Paul Vitry, then curator of the Department of Sculpture of the Louvre, was still referring to the bust simply as *Boudeuse*, while in another

21. The London bust is a marble one and differs considerably from the one under discussion (see Fig. 4).

22. Small size (height: 13 cms.), of inferior quality; see N° 361 of the Museum's Catalogue prepared by BANCE.

article in the same issue, Mr. Louis Réau does speak of the "daughter of Madame de Pompadour".

The masterpiece is there. The hair arranged in braids held by a bow on top; the head slightly turned. This picture with the easy graceful lines of the nape of the neck and of the shoulders, holds the onlooker under the spell of its unforgettable charm.

The illustrations that we have grouped on these pages will allow the readers to draw their own conclusion in regard to the identity of the model of which, in our opinion, there is no doubt.

MICHEL N. BENISOVICH.



FIG. 13. — J. GUAY. — Tomb of Alexandrine d'Étiolles, intaille.  
— Cabinet des Médailles, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.



FIG. 1. — BOUSSINGAULT. — The horses of Marly, lithograph.

# J. L. BOUSSINGAULT

THE death of an artist confronts us with all the problems of human destiny. Art is temporary. We have only that which comes from our hands to make us last. But just the most noble and most ardent lives seem the most unfinished. It is not granted to man to reveal his last secret. He marks a few works with the quality of his spirit and soul; and this imprint suffices — he has given everything.

The death of Boussingault came at the moment when justice was about to be done his talent, which must be ranged among the first-ranking of our time. Thus death stole from the artist the tribute of glory which should have been accorded him. It has certainly deprived us of vast creations in which would have come to full flowering his magnificent gifts, for so long restrained by an inner tension — the thirst for precision, the aspiration for fullness — which is the common lot of great artists.



FIG. 2. — BOUSSINGAULT. — The sleeper.

One cannot think without sadness of the beautiful works which Boussingault could have created had he lived to reach the peak of his years: portraits in which the apparent opposition between modern research and the classical tradition would have been reconciled; decorative compositions which would have revealed to all one of the rarest and most vigorous painter's imaginations since Delacroix. But even though these canvases are denied to our admiration, we know what force would have animated them, and what particular beauty would have illuminated them. What we lack of Boussingault is only the ultimate stage of his development. As for the rest, in spite of some uncompleted or destroyed canvases, Boussingault has reached his full expression. Nothing remains hidden — neither the painter's conception of art, nor his style, nor the harmonies in

which he delighted, nor the strong, tender or secret emotion in which he indulged when in contact with people and things. There is no work in our time that is as subtly and vigorously characterized as is Boussingault's. There stands a great artist calling for our judgment and meditations.

Constantly struggling within himself, frantic and disillusioned, he may have appeared an instinctive creator at the mercy of contradictions and sudden impulses; but actually he moved toward a single goal. Beyond the painful veileities and surrenders, a superior logic organized his life. When speaking of him do not mention the word "research" — this slogan of criticism which can only be

applied to artisan painters. In his case it was not research, it was exigency, the most exacting requirements. And none of these at the end remained unsatisfied. What was his nonchalance, if not the expectation of those hours of inspiration when all the contradictory questions that a painter who longs for a new beauty, asks himself, and to which suddenly, as in a flash, he is given a simple and living answer. In his youth, while he was discovering the world and translating its unexpected visions into admirable drawings, he was too spontaneously served by his gifts not to become irritated and cautious when with maturity came his years of fuller depth. His nature was too rich not to appear complex; in it could be united tenderness and gravity, sternness and natural elegance, the taste for luxury and the passion for solitude; a pure and noble accent with an ardent and profound sensuality.

Boussingault was necessarily to be his own first and severest judge. He deliberately denied his life the easy indulgence which is the token of early success.

A part of what he left us is marked with an excess of care and richness. But he came to know the tolerance of maturity. Ten years before his death Dunoyer de Segonzac touchingly defined his art as having "become almost happy". In the art he created after his 50's, there is a miraculous accent of youth, the atmosphere of a pure, fresh, both pathetic and serene, poetry, in short the kind of joy that is transmitted to us by anything that is short-lived and intensely perceived.

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I don't know, however, what contradiction throughout his life hovers over his destiny. The vocation of an artist cannot be brought to realization



FIG. 3. — BOUSSINGAULT. — Young woman, 1942.



FIG. 4. — BOUSSINGAULT. — Portrait of a boy.

without hindrance in a family to whom the prestige of an ancestor, Jean-Baptiste Boussingault, imposes the cult of the sciences. From the beginning, different inheritances clash within the young man. His mother was an Alsatian and a Protestant; his forebearers on his father's side were from Picardie, and Catholics. In himself he bears a tormented soul, secretly austere and full of religious fervor.

But it seems that his life begins on the note of frivolity. After the years of apprenticeship, already marked by the rise of his friendship with Dunoyer de Segonzac, Luc-Albert Moreau, Marchand and La Fresnaye, his talent is soon recognized by his elders, Laprade and Desvallières. The interest of Desvallières, as related by Claude Roger-Marx, serves to introduce him to the

"*Grande Revue*" which publishes his first drawings; it opens to him, through a more surprising coincidence, the Salons and fashion studios of Paul Poiret. At the same time he meets Paul Iribe. He is, then, a familiar figure of the gatherings presided over by the two Pauls, of the fashionable bars, of all this frivolous and luxurious world. But we should not let ourselves be deluded by this seeming superficiality.

Certain ardent souls bear at the threshold of their lives a grave and profound curiosity. They feel the nostalgia of a strange world which wakes in them mysterious echoes. The more vulnerable, reserved and retiring they are, the more they are attracted by the new worldly spectacle opening up before them. Luxurious, sumptuous materials, richly-adorned women, dandified demeanors, all exert an invincible fascination upon them. They lend to this spectacle an intense and very special significance; they discover in it a sort of melancholy of a unique flavor, the unexpected prolongations of a more dreamlike than living poetry. These young men mix with their follies a kind of high wisdom. An elegant and dangerous atmosphere is just what they need to exalt their pride of life, their innate nobility, their pathetic feeling of the human world. Those who have known in their youth this first intoxication will always miss it.

When life will have matured him, Boussingault will often go back to the

heroic and light accent, to the aristocratic and detached spirit, to the emotion and reserve of his youthful years. He will always keep a predilection for brilliant and pungent images of life — the races at Paris or at London, the uniforms, the picturesqueness of the parks where smartly-habited women ride their horses past sleeping beggars. But if he thus lets himself be seduced by appearances, it is only in order the better to discover the feeling of more distant realities, and to reach that inner lyricism which heightens the tone of life. His quick, sharp, and intensely spiritualistic vision gives a particular accent to his style.

In the years which precede the war of 1914, Boussingault reveals himself as a creator of exceptional temperament. The drawings, the painted studies, the still-lives or figures, the nudes, through the amplitude of the form and the sureness of the contrasts displayed, bear witness to the rare authority of his art. Already the artist is mastering his technical means sufficiently to expect from his style the essence of his true expression. He shows a definite taste for broad proportions, large rhythms courageously carried out by vigorous masses, and he follows this taste with an ease which gives to his works a haughty elegance. From then on we feel that his attention is focused primarily on the composition.

This is the manifestation of a gift which he will develop to such a point that none of his works is made without being conceived, organized, and so-to-say laid out in a strangely personal and unexpected way. He applies this gift as early as between 1911 and 1913 in the decoration which he executes for Paul Poiret. Incidentally, this decoration is probably the only work of Boussingault in which there can be noticed a distant influence of cubism. He draws inspiration from the new school of art for the purpose of bringing unity, order and cadence to this vast composition in which he has assembled varied themes and numerous figures. It is as if he had wished to condense in it the atmosphere and style of a whole epoch.

The drawings of Boussingault are of a sober and virile sharpness. They make us think of the conciseness of a Guis. Boussingault has the same lucid curi-



FIG. 5. — BOUSSINGAULT. — Woman face, 1941.

osity of the scenes of contemporary life, the same precision of visual memory, the same rapid and powerful stroke. But his art is richer, more profound, and more sensitive than that of Guys.

This daring fertility must have been an effect of the war and of the troubled spirit of the years that followed. Boussingault then ceases to follow so spontaneously the ardor of his temperament. He is thirty-seven years old when he returns to civil life. He secludes himself and lives a solitary life. It seems that he takes on a higher and more mysterious idea of artistic conception. He desires to rebel to any influence. Impatient of creating, simultaneously fearful and negligent, his nervous sensibility makes him rather clumsy in the use of his gifts; he destroys more canvases than he permits to be seen in the Salons and in his own exhibitions of 1923 and 1927 at the Gallery Marseille. He interests himself in a variety of themes, thirsty to find that enthusiasm which stimulates talent, and which can only result from the atmosphere of a life independent of preoccupation or servitude. He seeks to solve not merely technical problems. As a poet redeems himself through high thoughts and great works, so is Boussingault, through his art, ardently in search of his own salvation, and it is in relation to himself and to his most secret yearnings that he seeks the answer to the questions which every noble artist asks himself. This results in something slightly taut in certain of his canvases. But with what happiness he relaxes, how easily he recovers his dexterous facility when he translates his impatient inspiration into a quick water color, or into a drawing framed by a few imperious strokes!

From this period, however, date his first-class paintings: the *Portrait of J. Achion* (1920), *Races*, and *Girl dancers* (1921), *Avenue du Bois*, *Jockeys* (1922), *Sablaises*, *Nude*, of the Monteux Collection, *Gathering of the hunters*, *Still-life with the fan*, *Child with an apple*, *Woman dressing her hair* (1926).

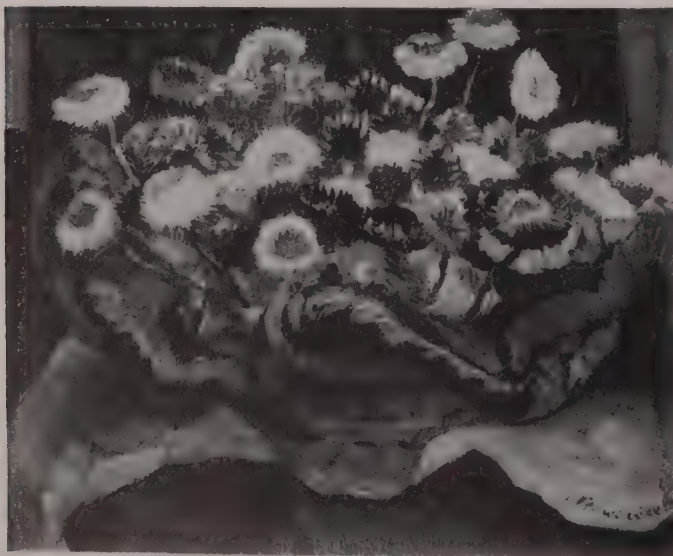


FIG. 6. — BOUSSINGAULT. — Flowers.

The substance of the painting where can be distinguished large trails of the brush, shows a search close to that of Dunooyer de Segonzac. Boussingault loves sober tones of smoothed down colors, hollow harmonies of browns and of ochres within which there is

displayed a fine gamut of blond, blue, green and pink grays. The design is of a magnificent robustness, the layout of a rare sureness. The solid forms attest to the painter being a rebel to fashion and not seeking to be seductive. But these forms are drawn in an enveloping, vaporous and serene light which makes the rude style more tender without weakening it. So that François Fosca, who has defined the art of Boussingault as a "reasonable realism", could, when describing him, speak of "a more rude Watteau", or of a "less tender Prud'hon". The artist succeeds in marking vulgar subjects with the imprint of his unalterable nobility.

During the same period the art of the engraver develops with more firmness. Boussingault, who mastered as early as at twenty years of age the fine art of lithography, and for whom the practice of the pencil and of the aquatint no longer had any secrets, is invited by Roger Allard to illustrate for the "*Nouvelle Revue Française*", the *Tableaux de Courses* of Maurice de Noisay (1921) and the *Vênerie* of J. L. Duplan (1923). In a technique which allows to apply the most diverse processes, and which leaves the artist with such dangerous freedom, Boussingault is very soon to show a masterly originality. This city dweller sometimes indulges himself in watching the scenes of nature (*Road of Alsace*, the *Forest in Alsace*), the work in the fields (*Wine harvest*, *Harvest*, and the *Peasant woman leaning on elbow*). But more than all else he likes the tragic fever of the great cities, their murky skies, their false intensity, their unhealthy softness. Paris, the picturesque aspects of which he caught in many albums from the time he was quite young, will soon inspire a series of admirable plates, which will serve as an illustration of Léon Paul Fargue's *D'après Paris*. There Boussingault reveals one of the most precious sides of an imagination which recreates the old familiar sights as through a dream vibrating with musical emanations. He will give the full flow to this vein in four lithographs of the *Champs-Élysées* (1934), which rank among the indisputable masterpieces of the contemporary art of engraving: gracious ghosts piercing the shadows and borne by an uncreated light have a

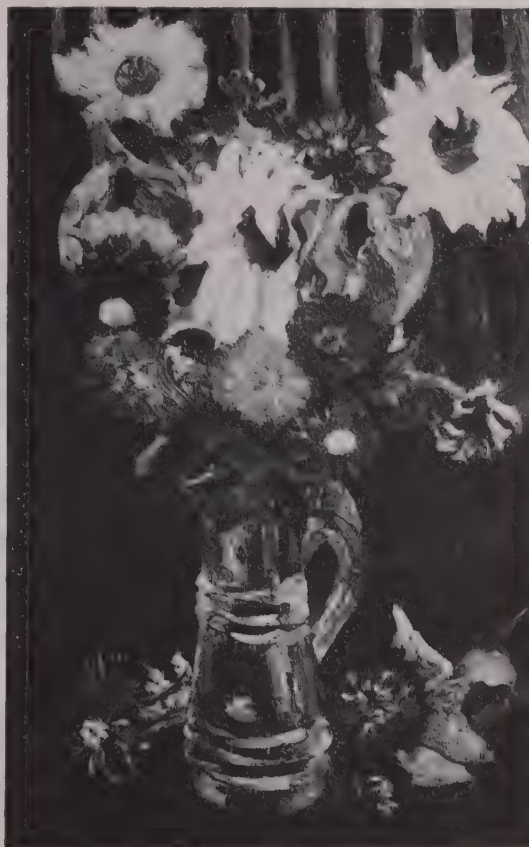


FIG. 7. — BOUSSINGAULT. — The sunflowers.

startling charm, and the strange tenderness of Nerval's visions.

Boussingault begins the practice of etchings in 1926. These are quick and lively sketches made for pleasure, which he brings back from London: parks, uniforms of the royal guard, brilliant horses with quivering hides, successively arouse his curiosity (Boussingault was a wonderful designer of horses). His subtle and tender irony, his painful and disillusioned accent, his discretion, too,



FIG. 8. — BOUSSINGAULT. — Illustration for *D'après Paris* by Léon-Paul Fargue, lithograph.

appear in the respectful illustrations which he devotes to *The spleen of Paris*. The prose poems of Baudelaire have been, since he was twenty-five years old, his preferred reading, and Dunoyer de Segonzac has noted with great clear-sightedness the true spiritual relationship which unites the painter with the poet. Among the many traits which unite them at least one should be noted — a sensuality of admirable strength and subtlety, the kind of nervous sensuality which indicates the quality of the man, and opens to the artist the secret world of mysterious relationships. Everything is of a rare intelligence, of an exquisite bashfulness in the dry-points which Boussingault devotes to the masterpieces he loves.

The eight illustrations of a different accent, *Lovers, happy lovers*, are no less moving; our memory dwells on these figures of women, felt and expressed with

an incomparable acuteness. The sharpness of Boussingault is not of the kind which appears cutting, too rapid, too superficial, and which can easily be imitated. It is all made up of precision and of a penetrating intuition. It is a miraculous harmonization of the tone, of the style, of the inner feeling, with the inexhaustible richness of the subject. It merges with a passion for profound truthfulness such as only privileged artists can discern beneath the exterior. The fourteen plates of the *Faces* (1935), are a prelude to the women's portraits which Boussingault

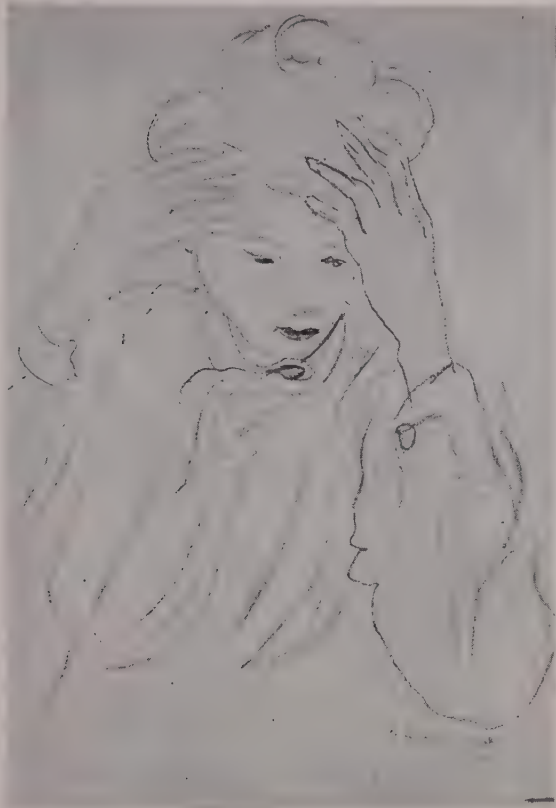


FIG. 9. — BOUSSINGAULT. — Study of a woman, drawing.

the margins of the contemporary endeavors and of fragmentary and illusive problems, he pursues the changing reflections of a poetry within which memory is mixed with dream in a serene atmosphere of luxury and voluptuousness. This lost paradise for which every man, when in contact with people and things, keeps longing as for his true native soil, is sometimes echoed in those "delicious sensations, the vagueness of which does not exclude intensity". Bous-singault projects on the spectacles of life some of the rays which enlighten the true domain of his imagination and of his heart. He feels as painter and poet, the enemy both of a vain picturing, and

will paint in the last years of his life. Here he uses his somber manner as an innovator extraordinarily sure of his means. As a matter of fact, his engraver's work should require a longer study. And in Claude Roger-Marx, in Philippe Chabaneix, and J. R. Thomé, it did indeed find most authoritative commentators. As to his painter's art, it has been almost completely neglected by the critic.

I believe that the engraver in Bous-singault has greatly served the painter. The concise and illusive language of the art of engraving liberates the painter from the servitude of nature and reveals him better to himself. He gradually makes for himself a clearer picture of the beauty about which he dreams. In

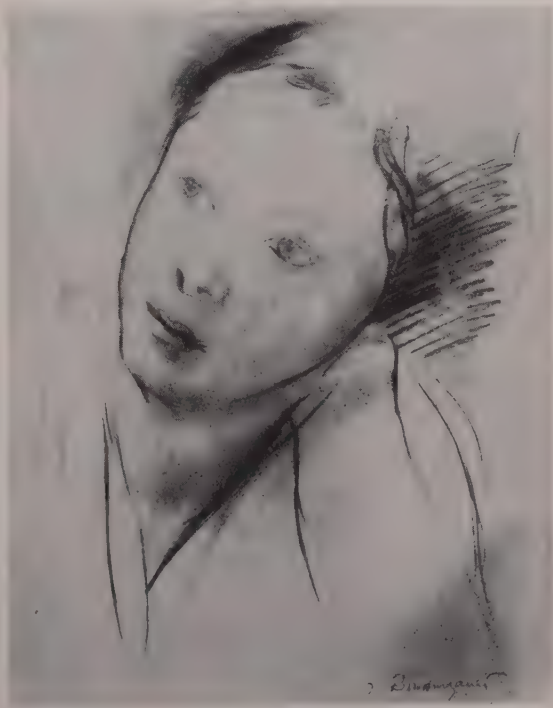


FIG. 10. — BOUSSINGAULT. — Head of a young girl, drawing.



FIG. 11. — BOUSSINGAULT. — Sea urchins.

of a false acuteness; he has a feeling for forms and colors that cannot be easily satisfied, but he knows that the secret of any new vision is a matter of passion, of the effusion of the soul, of love.

With a greater characterization of his inspiration his technique becomes more precise. As if to distinguish himself from the artisans of painting, Boussingault does not limit himself by searching merely for beautiful forms to express the silent warmth of his soul; what he longs for is that detachment, that naturalness which wipes away the traces of laborious work; that apparent negligence which gives greater value to a work superlatively dominated.

There is a moment in the life of an artist, as Sainte Beuve has said, when, armed with all his experience, and in possession of all his strength, but expecting that this strength might some day be weakened, the artist hurries, opens himself up, abandons his reserve "as if he wished to exhaust himself and to leave his soul in his art". Boussingault has now reached this decisive moment in an artist's life, but he will, however, not depart until his death from his great severity towards himself.

The last years of his life are the most fruitful; portraits, still lifes, flowers, mural decorations, illustrate this magnificent flowering. The painter then makes us penetrate a world full of magic wherein large rhythms hold harmonious forms, and saturated colors are drenched in light. Thick or thin, according to the substance he wishes to evoke, his paint remains luminous and fluid. One feels that this paint is made to last and to become richer and richer as it grows older. For Boussingault a picture was ALSO a beautiful object. It seems that this "beautiful afternoon light" of which Baudelaire speaks, has warmed the tones of this painting and has imprinted with a superb glow the pulp of a fruit, the richness of a material, or a streaked bodice. It is by accumulating sumptuousness, by express-

ing the hollow brilliancy of colors exalted by the sun, that the painter succeeds in producing his own equivalent of light. Even within the coldest atmosphere his tones still vibrate with warmth. An impression of voluptuousness emanates from those large silky caressing flows, from the rarity of each tone, from those yellows and those oranges which the painter liked and which are vivified by the faded greens, by the opaque whites displaying cold reflections. Boussingault has a musical sense of color. It happens that the sensations are not always sufficiently organized in their richness, but his art draws from this very excess a kind of exasperation which expresses the original illumination and the violence of the emotion. In the most recent canvases, there is a greater spirit of sacrifice, a greater reserve for the benefit of a greater density of the whole. The intensity is everywhere like the depth of tones flushing the surface of the canvas.

The sensibility of the painter requires the fusion of two opposite tendencies in the unity of the work of art. Boussingault in some way proceeds from Gauguin: he often composes his painting with big colored sections; large frames enhance the brilliancy and accentuate a sort of arabesque. The tones "hold" one near the other and create a beautiful, precious, and opaque substance. But those decorative harmonies do not satisfy an artist who is primarily devoted to the play of light on vivid colors, to the resources of the paint, to the molding of the flesh, to the mystery of life. The work of art is born from opposing aspirations. It springs out from a feverish concentration which makes possible the union of opposites. Within the rigidity of the colored architecture, the modulations present an unexpected charm, the thick touches have more savor, the subtle discords have a heightened strangeness. Nothing is aimed at effect. The picture lives a resplendent, nervous life; a man has given himself entirely, with all the harshness of his desire; he has created his work in his own likeness, and he has translated into beauty the energy which he possesses. In the figures and the portraits of women, more than anywhere else, can be observed the pathetic struggle from which Boussingault comes out as a victor. He sometimes attains, with the sole prestige of the line, a style which is so noble and so ample that the canvas had to be left in hollow tones and could not be completed. But how many has he created of those portraits in which the fantastic richness of color is united with a masterly design and mixes itself with a delicious lightness which seems to emanate from the painting itself!

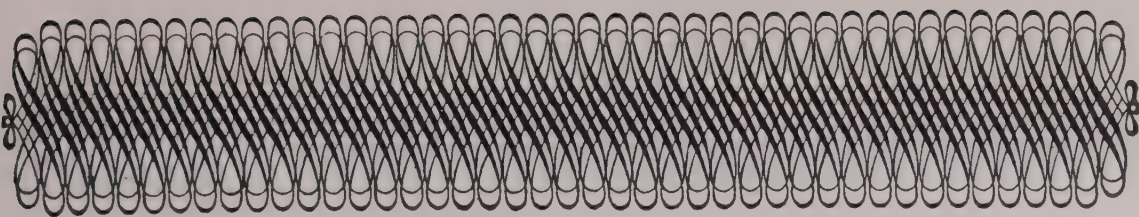
Boussingault is perhaps the painter of our time who will have left the most charming portrayals of women. Woman is not a pretext for his plastic inventions, she is truly the subject of them. In his lithographs she dashes out from the harmonious obscurity of his dreams with the indistinct charm of adolescence. The portraits, painted or engraved, the nudes, the series of *Faces*, depict her to us in her fullness, more beautiful for bearing dreams. This quivering and vul-

nerable artist bears a too vivid feeling of the drama of life not to value the significant grace of a pose, the beauty of a gesture, the veiled sparkle of the eyes. How well he knows how to discover that which is revealed in the contours of a cheek, in the line of a folded arm. Whether he exalts the nobility of secret and reserved faces, or whether he expresses the tenderness of the humble slaves of life, he always spreads the poetry of each of his models with an incomparable generosity. He immediately catches the individualizing factor in his model. His lyricism moves with fervor and acuity. He does not seek his inspiration in the vignette beauties by which our time was so much seduced, neither does he draw it from the strong and innocent girls whom Renoir liked to paint; but he finds it in beautiful and most diverse beings flourishing in their feline graces, and whose forehead harbors more than one memory.

Boussingault would not have shown a less vigorous and less certain originality in the mural decoration for which everything predestined him—his gifts, the way in which the pictorial problem appeared to him, his science of the composition, the ampleness of his style, his inclination to mix reality with dreams and to create in the margins of our world an imaginary world of his own. In fact, I believe it is only in vast compositions that his personality could have expressed itself completely, his talent could have flourished and his passion could have loosed itself. Had big tasks been entrusted to him at the very moment when he reached maturity, he would have solved more quickly the problems of artistic creation, and found without hesitation adequate subjects and vocabulary. To do this he should have received commissions. This nervous and dreaming artist needed, alternately, liberty and restraint. In the last years of his life he intended to paint cardboard projects for tapestries, and to let himself be subdued by this new technique.

At least in what concerns the mural decorations, we have at hand more than just guesses. Besides *The Walk*, of 1931, and the now destroyed composition of the Army Museum, he has left the decorative panels executed for a Parisian dining room and the decorations of the Palais de Chaillot. The first, in their unexpected layout, and with their charming arabesques, evoke the happy lands where the shadows of the interiors stream with color and harmony; in those soft refuges everything is, indeed, according to the poet's wish—calm, luxurious, voluptuous. The compositions of the Palais de Chaillot open on a world of joy, music, and feasting where love makes flourish seductions of a cruel and enchanting fancy. These are images of youth rediscovered in maturity. Boussingault expresses there, with incomparable elegance, that both pathetic and light lyricism, that sharp, ironic and grave feeling of life through which we first learned to love him.

JACQUES DE LAPRADE.



# A M E M E N T O   O F   A P A G E A N T   O F   T H E   P A S T

V

ASARI adds to his *Life of Titian* a biography of Paris Bordone for which he apparently collected the material on the occasion of his visit to Bordone's studio in Venice, in 1566. He introduces Bordone as a small scale counterpart of Titian, contrasting his gradual withdrawal from the stage with Titian's persistence in occupying it: ". . . *il quale* (Bordone) . . . *se ne stà con sua comodità in casa quietamente, e lavora per piacere a richiesta d'alcuni principi ed altri amici suoi, fuggendo concorrenza e certe vane ambizioni, per non essere offeso, etc., etc.*"<sup>1</sup> Bordone no longer visits the courts as he used to do, but the courts have not forgotten him entirely. Vasari ends the *vita*: "*Ha costui ultimamente condotto un bellissimo quadro per la duchessa di Savoia . . .*" which Vasari describes from his examination of it in the studio of the aging master.

His account of Bordone's earlier travels again starts with an innuendo aimed at Titian's possessiveness against which Bordone finally gave up his struggle. "*Si risolvè . . . ad ogni occasione che venisse, andare a lavorare di fuori quell*

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1. VASARI, *Le vite de' piu eccellenti pittori etc.*, edit. by MILANESI, Florence, 1881, VII, p. 465.

'opere che innanzi gli mettesse la fortuna, senza averle a ire mendicando".<sup>2</sup> For this reason, and prepared to accept any sort of employment, he entered the service of King Francis I of France, in 1538, and painted for him female portraits as well as other pictures. At the same time he executed religious and profane paintings for Monsignore di Guisa and for the Cardinal of Lorraine. The next sentence starts with *mandò*: he sent the king of Poland a painting, *Jupiter and a Nymph*, which met with considerable approval. Thus Bordone had not actually been in Poland, nor had he gone to the court of Queen Mary in the Netherlands, for again we are told that he shipped her two paintings, and since these were presented to her by her physician, Candiano Milanese, it stands to reason that Bordone sent them from Milan where he repeatedly received commissions.

The next passage is the one which we plan to discuss in this article: "*In Augusta fece in casa de'Fuccheri molte opere nel loro palazzo, di grandissima importanza, e per valuta di tremila scudi: e nella medesima città fece per i Prineri, grand'uomini di quel luogo, un quadrone grande; dove in prospettiva mise tutti i cinque ordini d'architettura che fu opera bella; ed un altro quadro da camera, il quale è appresso il cardinale d'Augusta*".<sup>3</sup>

Vasari's text thus mentions a date only for Bordone's stay in France, but the wording makes it probable that the visit to Augsburg followed that to Paris.<sup>4</sup> A *Portrait of Hieronymus Crofft* in the Louvre, dated 1540, has occasionally been referred to as evidence of Bordone's sojourn in Augsburg in 1540. The writing on the envelope which the sitter holds in his hands runs as follows: "*Sp. domino Jeronimo Crofft . . . Magior suo semper observo. Augusta*". This says only that Crofft was from Augsburg, not that the portrait was painted there. Merchants from Augsburg traveled widely at that time and Bordone may well have met his model elsewhere.<sup>5</sup> Another reason for placing Bordone's visit to Augsburg at a later date, is that in his native town, Treviso, a local tradition insisted that it was not Francis I, but Francis II who had invited Bordone to France. In this case Vasari made a mistake, and 1538 should be changed to

2. VASARI, *ibid.*, p. 464.

3. VASARI, *ibid.*, p. 464. DR. A. R. PELTZER, in his edition of JOACHIM VON SANDRART'S *Academie der Bau- und Malerei-Künste von 1675* (Munich, 1925) p. 413, note 1189, reads "*primieri*" for *Prineri* and interprets it as not a name, but a designation of patricians in general. The *Glossario della Crusca* gives no clue to such an interpretation. SANDRART who by mistake includes the passage in the *Life of Titian* writes on p. 272: "*Peronner, a family of merchants*". My explanation is that VASARI was not sure he had the name right and therefore added an explanatory "*grand'uomini di quel luogo*".

4. L. FRÖHLICH-BUM, *Studien zu Handzeichnungen der Italienischen Renaissance, II, Einige Zeichnungen des Paris Bordone*, in: "Jahrbuch der kunsthistorischen Sammlungen," Vienna, 1928, N.S., vol. II, p. 186, erroneously states that Bordone had been in Augsburg around 1540 "according to the wording of Vasari's text."

5. L. VON BALDASS, in his article *Christoph Amberger als Bildnismaler*, in: "Pantheon," vol. IX, 1932, p. 182, in discussing Amberger's *Portrait of Christopher Fugger*, of 1541, in Munich and other portraits from the same period, emphasizes his dependence on Venetian portrait art. He points to Bordone as the one who rather than any other might have transmitted this influence, but admits the possibility that Amberger may have received it from some other source, possibly even from a visit to Venice.



FIG. 1. — BORDONE. — *Gladiatorial Combat*. — Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna (engraved by Prenner).

read 1558. This tradition is adhered to by Federici in his *Memorie Trevigiane*<sup>6</sup> and was accepted by Bordone's latest biographers, Bailo and Biscaro.<sup>7</sup>

If 1558 is accepted for Bordone's stay in France, instead of 1538, the journey to Augsburg will have to be pushed forward two decades. In Augsburg itself nothing is known concerning Bordone. The portraits of the Fugger family from around 1560 handed down to us in the engravings by Dominic Custos,<sup>8</sup> look as though they might possibly have been painted by Bordone. It is, however, only their general Titianesque character which gives this impression. And this Titianesque character may as well be due to Titian himself or to the young men who accompanied him to Augsburg in 1548 and 1550, and — as, for instance, Lambert Sustris — entered into relations with patrician families there.<sup>9</sup> Finally, we must not overlook the Bavarian portraitist, Hans Mielich, whose style was sufficiently influenced by Venice to make portraits by him look Venetian when seen through later engravings.

6. FEDERICI, *Memorie Trevigiane*, Venice, 1803, II, p. 41f.

7. BAILO E BISCARO, *Della vita e delle opere di Paris Bordone*, Treviso 1900.

8. *Fuggerorum et Fuggerarum, quae in familia natae etc. expressae imagines. Dominicus Custodis Ant. totius operis delineator et sculptor*, Augsburg 1593, enriched by engravings of his stepsons Lucas and Wolfgang Kilian Augsburg 1619.

9. KARL FEUCHTMAYER, in THIEME-BECKER'S *Künstlerlexikon* v. 32, 1938, p. 314.

R. A. Peltzer even went so far as to doubt Bordone's visit to Augsburg altogether, and to advance the theory that Vasari might in this connection have confused Bordone with Lambert Sustris, likewise a follower of Titian.<sup>10</sup> Such a mistake seems rather unlikely, Vasari having received his information from Bordone himself and, furthermore, having had personal relations with Federigo Sustris, Lambert's son. Federigo belonged to the Accademici del Disegno and as such was given the distinction of his own biography in addition to several casual references to him.<sup>11</sup> We shall see that Vasari's report on a painting he describes as being by Bordone deserves confidence.

Though a complete agreement on the date of Bordone's stay in Augsburg has not been reached on the basis of sources hitherto available, there is little difference of opinion as to the identity of the *quadrone grande* displaying all five architectural orders mentioned by Vasari: it is identified, with a more or less degree of certainty with the *Gladiatorial Combat* in the Vienna Gallery. This painting made its first appearance in the collection of Charles VI and was engraved by Prenner as done by Giulio Romano (Fig. 1).<sup>12</sup> It was connected with the Vasari passage early in the XIX Century<sup>13</sup> and since the middle of that century has been listed as by Bordone in the catalogues of the gallery.<sup>14</sup> Franz Wickhoff was the only one to question his authorship and to attribute the painting to a German painter in the style of Wendelin Dieterlein. In Wickhoff's opinion the painting, which undeniably clashes with its companions in the Venetian department, would fit perfectly into the German School.<sup>15</sup> Mrs. Fröhlich-Bum, the first to publish the painting, returned it to Bordone.<sup>16</sup> Recognizing in the figures Bordone's late style, she rejected the identification with the painting mentioned by Vasari, because of the probable date of around 1540 for Bordone's sojourn in Augsburg. I give the passage in Vasari a different interpretation, as said before, but appreciate Mrs. Fröhlich-Bum's refusal to accept the painting as a work by Bordone around 1540.<sup>17</sup>

Art historians have up to the present time been so bent on connecting the painting with the Vasari passage, and so intent on examining its relation to

10. PELTZER, *loc. cit.*, p. 413.

11. In the MILANESI edition of VASARI's *Vite*, vol. VII, p. 614, Federigo di Lamberto d'Amsterdam (Sustris) is erroneously identified with Sustermans.

12. FRANC. DE STAMPART AND ANT. JOSEPHUS DE PRENNER, *Iconographia Caesareae Pinacothecae*, reprinted in: "Jahrbuch der Kunsthistorischen Sammlungen," VII, 1888, pl. 26.

13. JAMES NOTHCOTE, *The life of Titian*, London 1830.

14. See the bibliography in: ED VON ENGERTH, *Kunsthistorische Sammlungen des allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses, Gemälde*, Vienna 1881, I, p. 68, no. 85.

15. FRANZ WICKHOFF, *Les écoles italiennes au Musée Impérial de Vienne*, in: "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," 1893, I, p. 134.

16. FRÖHLICH-BUM, *loc. cit.*

17. ADOLFO VENTURI, *Storia dell'arte italiana*, vol. IX, part 3, p. 1031: *Jacopo Tintoretto forse ha finito per disorientare del tutto il pittor di Treviso, trasformandolo in illustratore minuscolo della storia antica*. This remark makes it evident that VENTURI, too, placed the Vienna painting in Bordone's latest period.

# La Perspective du Change.

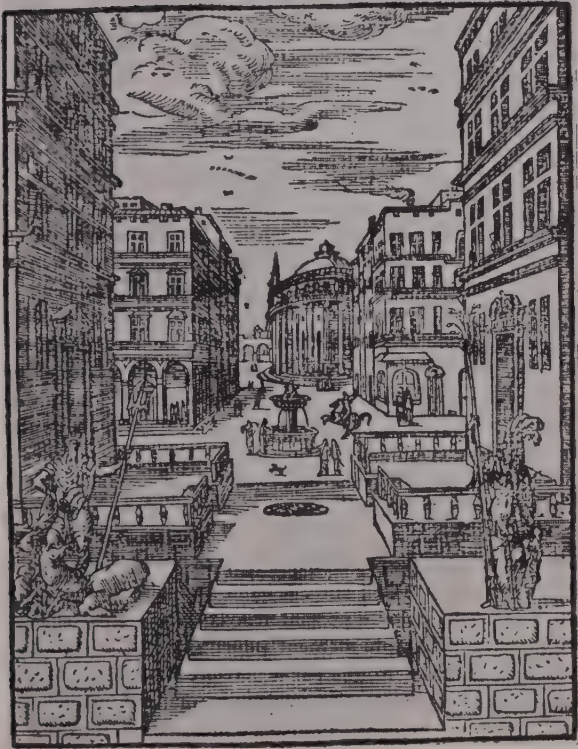


FIG. 2. — Perspective, a decoration for Henry II's entry into Lyons, 1548, woodcut.

this sort intended for? Vasari described the one in Augsburg as a *quadrone grande* — a huge painting. How was space to be provided for such a thing? Exaggerated dimensions had never been Bordone's ambition.

In the inventory of Cardinal Mazarin in 1653, we find the entry: *Une perspective de Paris Bourdonné, 1000 L.*<sup>18</sup> I do not assert, of course, that the perspective mentioned in the inventory must be identical with the representation in perspective of the five architectural orders by Bordone, in Augsburg. It is even unlikely that paintings of such an unusual size should have traveled so far. But we may at least be allowed to surmise that the *Perspective* owned by Cardinal

Bordone's late style, that none of them seems to have given a thought to the question of what category of paintings it belongs to in the first place. Wickhoff, in following up his tentative attribution to Dieterlein, suggested it might have been meant as a sample for German architects,<sup>18</sup> but this idea is contradicted by the fact that the architectural parts of the painting are not presented as models for imitation, but as landmarks of ancient Rome. The Colosseum, the Pantheon, the famous Roman columns are grouped together not with an educational, but rather a fantastic purpose. Mrs. Fröhlich-Bum very pertinently called the painting "hardly attractive" and in the Vienna Gallery it had an incongruous appearance: a huge canvas entirely lacking the charm of Venetian coloring, chalky, cold; with a strange overcorrect relation between the buildings and the human figures. The buildings fill most of the space and dwarf the figures to an extent unusual in the Italian Cinquecento. What was a painting of

<sup>18</sup> WICKHOFF, *loc. cit.*

<sup>19</sup> *Inventaire de tous les meubles du Cardinal Mazarin, dressé en 1653*, London, Philobilon Society, 1861.

Mazarin might originally have served a purpose similar to that of the painting in Augsburg; and my guess is that both were meant as a backdrop for a theatrical performance. In support of this thesis I refer to the description of the *Joyeuse Entrée* of King Henry II into Lyons, published there in 1549.<sup>20</sup> Along with several woodcuts representing triumphal arches, the pamphlet contains also a *Perspective* set up in front of the Exchange (Fig. 2). "*Passant oultre la rue de Flandre Sa Majesté entra au Change où estoit une perspective d'une place de ville, refigurant Troye*". The Italian edition of the book gives Athens instead of Troy. The city view in this woodcut is nothing but an accumulation of noble buildings pretending to be antique. All the architectural orders are displayed exactly as in the triumphal arches through which the pageant passed. Bordone's perspective in Augsburg may also have made a show of antiquarian erudition.

One of the features of the same *Entry into Lyons*, corresponding to the classical spirit of the whole performance,<sup>21</sup> was a gladiatorial combat over which the king presided as a "modern emperor".<sup>22</sup> Six pairs of fighters demonstrated all sorts of passages of arms before the enthroned king. The performance lasted a little more than half an hour and the king was so well pleased with it that he ordered its repetition a few days later.

In the Vienna painting there are seven pairs of gladiators who stage their tournament in front of an enthroned emperor. The scene placed in an imaginary Rome is not to be interpreted as an historic event taking place in antiquity; this is made evident by the fact that two allegorical figures are standing next to the throne and above, Apollo is driving his car.<sup>23</sup> Apollo has no business in a typical gladiatorial combat; these fighters had other patrons. Apollo may have been added in deference to the prince in whose honor the tournament was given. Might the Vienna painting, then, be a backdrop as, in analogy to the woodcuts in the *Entry into Lyons*, I suggested for the painting appraised at 1000 *Livres* in the Mazarin Estate, and for the huge painting mentioned by Vasari? Certainly not, seeing that the painting, in spite of its width of some three yards, would be much too small to serve as background for a scene portrayed by living actors in a large gallery or outdoors.<sup>24</sup> In the Mazarin inventory the entry already mentioned, "*Une perspective de Paris Bourdonné 1000 L*", is followed by two others:

20. *La Magnificence de la . . . entrée de la noble et antique Cité de Lyon faite du Trechretien Roy de France Henry deuxiesme . . . le XXIII de Septembre MDXLVIII*, Lyons 1549, reprint: Lyons 1927, p. 49.

21. RENÉ SCHNEIDER, *Le thème du triomphe dans les entrées solennelles en France à la Renaissance*, in: "Gazette des Beaux Arts," vol. 55, I (1913) p. 94, note 2, mentions as accessory spectacles "*la naumachie, le combat des gladiateurs*" in Lyons 1548, and in Rouen 1550.

22. R. SCHNEIDER, *loc. cit.*

23. The very good reproduction in FRÜHLICH-BUM's article, *loc. cit.*, is not large enough to show the details; my description follows ENGERTH's catalogue.

24. Height: 218 cm., width: 329 cm.

"*Une autre perspective, du mesme dessein, faicte sur toile, par le fils du dit Bourdonné 120 L*", and "*Une autre perspective du mesme peintre 120 L*". The lesser price and the indication "on canvas" suggest dimensions smaller than those of the first-mentioned perspective. The painting in Vienna is also executed on canvas though presenting the chalky colors of a painting on pasteboard. My suggestion is to identify it as one of the repetitions of Paris Bordone's work done by his son and owned by Cardinal Mazarin, or as an analogous painting.

We do not know anything about a son of Bordone who would have been a painter too, but from numerous analogies in the case of other painters, we may infer that Bordone's son would have been his father's companion on journeys and his assistant in artistic undertakings. The son seems never to have developed any independence of his own.

The painting in Vienna is a record of a festival such as is usually held only in graphic art. Thus it is something between a gathering of ghosts and a masquerade.

Such a scene becomes a stale memento when turned from its intended use on one specific occasion, into a permanent fixture. Thus it happens that the canvas is an outsider among *bona fide* paintings whether they be Venetian or German. As a stage prop it belongs in a scenic museum rather than in a picture gallery.

E. TIETZE-CONRAT.



## B I B L I O G R A P H Y

BERNARD C. HEYL.—*New Bearings in Esthetics and Art Criticism, a Study in Semantics and Evaluation.*—New Haven, Yale University Press, 1943, 172 p., \$2.50.

Reading the estheticians and critics of the age, Mr. Bernard Heyl finds himself much troubled by their inadequacy, their contradiction of one another and their frequent self-contradiction. He cites a score of them to show that their language is confused and that their standards are irreconcilable. He argues that though they talk much and long they do not really know what they are talking about. Such words as "art," "beauty," "truth," figure in the speech of each with meanings intended to be universal, eternal and valid. But the discourse of each alters these inalterable meanings as his dialectic moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, and the meanings he stops with turn out not to be the meanings he begins with. Each critic or esthetician fancies himself making a sound metaphysical definition of art and beauty and truth, whereas, Mr. Heyl argues, he is at best making only a "volitional definition".

Believing, apparently, that "nothing can be known as it really is", Mr. Heyl feels that it would be a good thing if critics and estheticians could do their work aware that their definitions can be only personal and arbitrary. To become aware, they would, presumably follow Mr. Heyl and ground their ideas on the semantic doctrines of Messrs. Ogden and Richards, particularly Mr. Richards. Then, conscious of "the meaning of meaning" they would acceptably distinguish between "artistic truth" and "scientific truth" (the latter would be "true", the former "genuine", "sincere", "convincing"); they would understand that value can be only a relation, and that a thing can be beautiful only in the same way as food can be nourishing. Then they would not postulate an absolute beauty, like Plato, nor a sheer anarchy of preferences, like the subjectivists. Then they would

be able to construct a system of value-judgments in terms of identifiable causes and traceable consequences, and these judgments would be "legitimate", "correct", and "binding" for all those that agreed with them—the "like-minded", but no others. I am not sure that Mr. Heyl would be disturbed if this notion were restated thus: These judgments would be legitimate, correct, and binding for all those for whom they would be legitimate, correct and binding. In this form, the proposition is incontrovertible, and amounts to another way of saying *De gustibus*.

I must confess to more than a little sympathy with this position. Mr. Heyl's analysis lays bare a real and enduring situation in esthetics and art criticism. Nobody can doubt that estheticians and critics are many, that they do not agree with themselves or with one another about what is a work of art and what it's good for. Mr. Heyl's detailed exposure of their diversity and conflict gives those traits a concrete immediacy. But unless Mr. Heyl himself cherishes some one, invariant, "objective" standard by which to measure an esthetic object and its value, he cannot consistently accuse the estheticians and critics with whom he disagrees of confusion and inadequacy. If "nothing can be known as it really is", then "confusion" and "inadequacy" can't be, either. Mr. Heyl is employing the terms "volitionally", and following his prescription for his peers, should be aware that they name effects on him, and not independent causes of those effects. As a sound relativist he should realize also that the disputes about taste which he doesn't like are a natural consequence of the multiplicity and variety of tastes, and that their mutual contradictions and self-contradictions are no less proper, right and valid than their agreements. If critics and estheticians agreed with each other, there would be neither criticism nor esthetics.

H. M. KALLEN

FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR, *Babel's tower, the dilemma of the modern museum*—New York, Columbia University Press, 1945, 5¼ x 8, 53 p., 1 ill.

As stated by the author, "the material of this little book . . . has been gathered together from articles . . . and public addresses", among others, his article on *Museums in a changing world*<sup>1</sup> and his addresses entitled *Art and obligation*<sup>2</sup> and *Archaeology in the present day*.<sup>3</sup> The text, however, bears no trace of the revision, condensation and supplementation it was subjected to. It seems that, in going over the old material, Francis Henry Taylor has strengthened his deep convictions in the truths which had motivated his previous treatments of the same subject.

In giving deeper thought to the subject, Mr. Taylor seems to have visualized more acutely than ever the conditions which badly handicap the full accomplishment of the modern museum's task.

The happy thought of tracing the roots of the very idea of the museum from the old theme of the Babel Tower which "has never ceased to fascinate the children of men", explains the title of the book and permits the reader to comprehend immediately the profound meaning of the author's ideal for a museum.

That ideal approached its best realization in the project of a "Mundaneum"—a universal museum, library and headquarters of the intellect to be built in Geneva in the park adjacent to the Palace of the League of Nations . . . "No aspect of the intellectual life was to be neglected, for it was hoped that in the rarified air of this No Man's Land it would at last be possible to visualize within a limited compass the full stature of man himself, and what he had done to justify his existence during the millions of years in which he has esteemed himself different from the other animals of the earth" . . . "It was the purpose of the Mundaneum to show by every available technical device the triumph of Mind over Matter, of the Spiritual over the Material, and how the ideals of Truth, Beauty and Goodness, of Faith, Hope and Charity, of Justice and Perfection, and of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity should finally dominate the earth. The World Museum was the focal point of this idea". The superb mind of Le Corbusier had conceived the architectural form of that grandiose palace of man's creation. This ambitious and brilliant conception was, alas! never to be brought to life.

And, drawing a broad, imaginary line from Genesis to the miscarried Geneva project, Mr. Taylor defines the present "dilemma of the modern museum" as "a dilemma produced by this eternal conflict . . . between the forces of synthesis and the forces of dissipation". Thence he reaches the crucial aspect of the problem he discusses—"We in the art museums of America have reached a point where we must make a choice of becoming either temples of learning and understanding in the Geneva sense, or of remaining merely hanging gardens for the perpetuation of the Babylonian pleasures of aestheticism and the secret sins of private archaeology". And he

emphasizes the fact that "the issue is a burning one, for many of the major institutions of this country are contemplating gigantic physical changes at the close of the war".

Incidentally, the recent announcement of the large extension of the buildings of the Metropolitan Museum of Art takes on a special value in the light of the views expressed by the Director of that museum on the way American museums should be organized in the future. At this point, it may be of some interest to recall the opinions expressed by a large group of authorities in reply to the international inquiry on the subject of museum reorganization directed by Mr. Georges Wildenstein. The results of this inquiry were published as early as 1930<sup>4</sup> but are still current since the theoretical suggestions and schemes in this publication have not yet been followed by many actual realizations and could be of service to future work.

Coming back to Mr. Taylor's book, the sketch he brushes off of the development of the Museum's idea throughout the centuries, from ancient Egypt and Greece to Modern Times, in the chapter *Museums in a changing world* opens with a statement we cannot resist quoting in its original form: "If the term 'Museum' strikes terror to the heart of the average layman, it is as nothing compared with the sense of panic which its sound produces in the poor innocents who spend their lives rationalizing its very existence". This survey helps to place in the general development, the position of the American museum which Mr. Taylor calls the American phenomenon: "The American museum is, after all, neither an abandoned European palace, nor a solution for storing and classifying the accumulated national wealth of the past. It is an American phenomenon, developed by the people, for the people, and of the people"; and Mr. Taylor hastens to add: "this is not Fascism—it is simple American history".

Without departing from the slightly ironical, inquisitorial and highly intellectual style of his writing, Mr. Taylor vents his anger against the fact that this excellent principle upon which American museums should have been solely based, could have been so misused and neglected as to spread "terror" and "panic" among both those who apply this principle and those who are supposed to benefit by its application. "We have reached", says he, "a critical period in American museums, as anyone confronted with a budget [and we must not forget that Mr. Taylor is one of those] can tell too plainly. It is impossible for us to continue as we have done in the past". We feel, we must confess, that in his anger Mr. Taylor goes a little too far when he declares that "the public are no longer impressed and are frankly bored with museums and their inability to render adequate service". This is contradicted if only by the increasing figures of the museums' attendance and by the author's own statement that "last year they [the American museums] were visited by fifty million persons". But Mr. Taylor, whose museum happens to be one of those showing the highest figures in that record, can hardly be blamed for not taking the easy way of being content

<sup>1</sup> "The Atlantic Monthly", 1940.

<sup>2</sup> "New York Herald Tribune", Forum, October 1940.

<sup>3</sup> Published in: *Studies in arts and architecture*, University of Pennsylvania Bicentennial, 1941.

<sup>4</sup> *Musées, enquête internationale dirigée par M. GEORGES WILDENSTEIN*, in: "Cahiers de la République des Lettres et des Arts", Paris [1930].

with such signs. He feels the people of this country are today not getting from the museum all that they have a right to expect from it. And he is determined to see to it that the American museum is fully adequate to its assignment.

This book is, of course, not burdened with the weighty programs which Mr. Taylor has in mind and the adequacy of which will best be measured by the coming reorganization of the Metropolitan Museum. But in it we find the spirit or, rather, the philosophical background of the transformation Mr. Taylor wishes the American museum to undergo, a transformation required by intrinsic reasons as much as motivated by the general change in the times. His affirmation, for instance, that the American museum "must stop imitating the Louvre and the Kaiser Friedrich Museum and solve this purely American problem in a purely American way", should not mislead the European reader, whose patriotism may be shocked by this somewhat isolationist tone—as natural as this would be in this postwar period of exasperated nationalisms. But this could not be the case with an internationally-minded former pupil of Henri Focillon of Francis Henry Taylor's style. By isolating the problem of the American museum from the state of this problem in the old world, Mr. Taylor only gives proof of his wide understanding of the general conditions within which humanity—and the museums as part of it—lives and evolves.

He stresses the importance of the changes in conditions which resulted from "the invention of the steam engine . . . the camera and the discovery of the principles of steel construction" (his book was written before the era of atomic energy). Indeed, under such changing conditions, the American way of life has been, throughout the centuries, considerably different from that of Europe. While, as a result of modern scientific progress, Europe had to accept—reluctantly and slowly—a break with her oldest and dearest traditions, the United States' best traditions were laid down as part of that very progress. Europe could therefore afford for a longer time to have its museums be a necropolis of the past, while the American museum has been called more and more to take its rightful place in the current life of the community to which it belongs. Mr. Taylor stresses very well in his last chapter—*Problems of the democratic future*—the part that art and art museums can and must play in the preservation of Democracy which is the very mission the world expects from the United States. "Never before have the arts faced so challenging an opportunity, that of interpreting the past so that the present can make use

of the judgments of antiquity as guideposts for the democratic way of life". . . . "We must look to the study of man himself, and we must recognize that education is no longer the prerogative of an initiated few, but the vital concern of the community at large. Unless we reaffirm our faith in the study of the human individual, all of the objects in all of the museums of the world shall have been excavated, catalogued, and classified in vain". This defines the importance of the Museum in our times as part of the vital political mission which rests on the shoulders of the great democracies and of the United States as the younger and stronger member of the family of civilized nations.

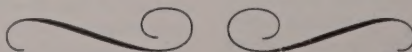
ASSIA R. VISSON.

*A golden portfolio containing pictures from Mother Goose*, by FEODOR ROJANKOVSKY.—New York, Simon and Schuster, Inc., and Artists and Writers Guild, Inc., 1945, 14½ x 19 (Lithographed in U.S.A.). \$2.50.

This is an excellent undertaking. To have children's books and albums illustrated by talented artists is to give to youthful readers, on the very threshold of life, a feeling for beauty, and a standard by which to measure taste, which may never leave them but only develop as they grow older. The idea is not new, but its realization up to now has been difficult. Great artists seldom care to apply their talents to such modest—and from the artistic viewpoint—unappreciative use. They do not want to depart from the realm of pure art which alone they feel they must serve, even at the sacrifice of material gain. On the other hand, publishers have not considered it necessary, in the past, to go to the trouble and expense of engaging real artistic talent for the illustration of books intended for large circulation and for such unexacting readers as children. When they did, it was for limited, luxurious editions at prohibitive prices, thus placing their readers on the level of bibliophiles and art-amateurs.

Feodor Rojankovsky is, therefore, one of those all-too-rare artists who have generously placed their work both in the service of youth, and for the popularization of art. His illustrations of the well-loved Mother Goose stories, show the rich inspiration that artists can draw from the fairy-tale-world of childhood. How fortunate that this source is no longer to be neglected, but utilized in a wide distribution of inexpensive publications such as this.

A. R. V.



# NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

HORACE M. KALLEN, Professor, The New School for Social Research, New York, and Dean of that school's Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science, was educated at Princeton, Oxford, Paris and Harvard Universities, and taught at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts (1910) and at the University of Wisconsin (1911-18). As early as 1910 he was named by William James editor of his unfinished book. He is the author of numerous studies in the field of philosophy and has contributed to the subject of world politics such books as *The structure of lasting peace*; *The League of Nations today and tomorrow*; *Culture and democracy in the United States*, etc. Horace M. Kallen is also the author of a recently published contribution in our field of studies: *Art and freedom* (1942) 2 vols. His article in this issue, *Freedom and the artist* . . . . . page 5  
is a new chapter in the same line of thought.

FERN RUSK SHAPLEY has for the past two years been engaged in research as a member of the staff of the National Gallery of Art. Her early monograph on George Caleb Bingham anticipated by some twenty years the recent acclaim of this Missouri artist, but most of her studies and her contributions to art magazines have dealt with Italian Renaissance painting. To this field belongs her article in this issue on *Giovanni Bellini and Cornaro's Gazelle* . . . . . page 27  
which is a result of the research she is carrying on at the National Gallery.

MICHEL N. BENISOVICH, a graduate of the Ecole du Louvre, devoted his thesis to the painter, Nicolas Antoine Taunay (1755-1830), whose biography he later published in the Thieme-Becker *Künstlerlexikon*. His monograph on the same artist is about to be published in Rio de Janeiro under the auspices of the Ministry of Education of Brazil, in the Bulletin of which there recently appeared his article on *European painters in Brazil*. His main interest lies in the exploration and study of unpublished French paintings and drawings in the United States, art of Duplessis, etc. The "Gazette", having already published the result of some of his research now presents his article on: *The bust of Alexandrine d'Etiolles by Saly* page 31

JACQUES DE LAPRADE has been associated with the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts" for many years as the art critic of the "Arts" (formerly "Beaux-Arts"), our weekly supplement, published in Paris. He wrote his article on *J. L. Boussingault* . . . . . page 43  
right after the painter's death in Paris, during the occupation. In the translation of this article we have tried to keep as closely as possible to the original French text of the author, whose style is that of a poet. The author, indeed, won the first Blumenthal Prize of Poetry for a collection of his poems.

E. TIETZE-CONRAT with Hans Tietze, has completed two notable works in recent years: *The Critical Catalogue of the Works of Albrecht Durer* (published in Augsburg and Basel between 1928 and 1937) and a *Catalogue of the Venetian Drawings of the XV and XVI Centuries* (published in New York in 1944). In the current issue of the "Gazette" she publishes a study on Bordone: *A Memento of a Pageant of the Past* . . . . . page 55

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is by HORACE M. KALLEN, Dean of the Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science, The New School for Social Research, New York, and by MRS. ASSIA R. VISSON, associated with the "Gazette" since 1930 and Secretary to its Council.

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